THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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SHIPPING BILL.

Will Be Continued In Senate This Week.

Strenuous Efforts To Secure A Vote On The Bill.

The House Will Keep On With Appropriation Bills.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The senate will continue the discussion of the ship-subsidy bill during the fist half of the present week, with probable interruption during the morning hours of each day. There will probably be a move to secure night sessions, on the part of friends of the shipping bill, on Monday and Tuesday and strenuous efforts will be given to secure a vote on the bill. The earlier part of the day Monday will be given up to ceremonies on the memory of Chief Justice Marshall.

Business Of The House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The house will continue the consideration of appropriation bills this week. The post office appropriation bill has not yet been completed and it will be followed by the consular and diplomatic and sundry civil bills which last will be reported to the house tomorrow.

A BRITISH REVERSE.

LONDON Feb. 4.—The war office gave out the following despatch received from Lord Kitchener, commander-in-chief in South Africa:

PRETORIA, Feb. 2.—Our post at Maddfontein on Gatesland, southwest of Krugersdorp, was attacked by 1,000 Boers. The relief column sent out from Krugersdorp failed to prevent the fall of the post. No details of the affair are yet at hand.

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., Feb. 3.—Thomas McHenry, a well-to-do lumberman and farmer residing near Rohrsburg, was shot this morning by an unknown assassin and death resulted six hours later. Mr. McHenry was aroused from his sleep by a noise in his barn and went out to investigate. As he neared the place a bullet struck him just above the heart and he fell. It is believed to be a cold blooded murder.

GOVERNMENT FORCES VICTORIOUS.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 3.—A special to the Globe Democrat from Oaxaca, Mexico, says: "The military authorities have been advised of another engagement between the government troops and a large force of Maya Indians and resulted in a victory for the government forces. The casualties on the rebel's side is estimated at over 300 killed and wounded."

BAD INDIANS IN JAIL.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Feb. 3.—Crazy Snake, the leader of the warring Creek Indians, and seventeen minor leaders of the tribe, have been landed in the federal jail here, where they will be held pending trial for treason. It is stated that certain attorneys, who, it is asserted here, misled the Indians, may be prosecuted.

CHICAGO SNOWBOUND.

CHICAGO, Feb. 3.—Six inches of snow on a level and drifts in many cases in the outlying districts, piled as high as second story windows, is the condition Chicago is in tonight. Many surface lines were forced to abandon their schedule entirely until the worst of the storm was over before they were able to resume traffic.

FIRE DESTROYS A WIRE PLANT.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 3.—Fire from an unknown cause, destroyed the large plant of the National Wire company at Fair Haven, early this evening, causing a loss of $325,000.

The *Herald* has all the latest news.

QUEEN'S BODY GUARDED.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The body of the late queen has been protected by guards in the Albert Memorial chapel at Windsor since deposited there yesterday. The officials of the royal house at Windsor Castle, visited the chapel today, as did a number of friends, and admired the great display of wreaths. The interment at Frogmore, tomorrow, will be at three o'clock in the afternoon. The ceremonies there will be private, the members of the royal family attending. Emperor William will leave Windsor Tuesday accompanied by King Edward. He will take lunch at Marlboro house after which he will drive to Charing Cross station where he will take a train for Port Victoria.

AN ARLINGTON TRAGEDY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Rev John Keller, secretary of Right Rev. Bishop Starkey, pastor of the Trinity Episcopal Missions in Arlington, N. J., and chaplain of the First New Jersey regiment, was shot and probably fatally wounded by Thomas G. Barker on Beech street, Arlington, this morning. One bullet destroyed the sight of the right eye, another shattered the fingers of the right hand and another went through his hat. The shooting was the result of a remark made by Barber's wife that her illness for the past year was the result of an assault committed upon her by Keller. The latter denies the accusation against him.

TO TAR AND FEATHER CARRIE NATION.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 3.—A special to the Times from Topeka, Kansas, says: Policeman Duster has reported to City Marshal Stahl a plot on the part of the liquor men to tar and feather Mrs. Carrie Nation, the joint smasher. Luster says that a negro tough whom he once befriended gave him the information. The report has frightened Mrs. Nation and her assistant crusaders, but they declare they will continue destroying "murder shops."

A SNOWSTORM STRUCK NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A snow storm that had been moving northeast from the great lakes for about twenty-four hours, struck New York full force shortly before nine o'clock this evening and up to midnight nearly three quarters of an inch had fallen. The downfall continues with no indications of ending. The storm is general through the state and New Jersey.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 3.—By an explosion of 750 quarts of nitro glycerine at the magazine of the Gas Belt Torpedo company, near Alexandria, Perry Fort, a carrier for the company, with his team of horses, the wagon and magazine were blown to atoms. A hole fifteen feet deep and forty feet wide was left where the magazine stood.

INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTIONS.

The internal revenue collections for this district, which comprises the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, for the month ending Jan. 31, were $87,940 38. For the corresponding month of 1900, they were $85,462,-37, showing an increase of $2478.01.

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

The thing to do is to help the system discharge the humors, and to strengthen it against their return.

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Franks, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time; and Miss Alvina Wolter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of this great medicine than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. No longer put off treatment. Buy a bottle of Hood's today.

JUDSON DIES AT EXETER

Had His Skull Fractured And Was Robbed December 1st.

William Judson, the victim of a mysterious assault committed during the night of December 1st at the farm of his employer, Robert Scott, died on Saturday morning at the Cottage hospital in Exeter, to which he was committed December 4th with a compound comminuted fracture of the skull.

This has been a peculiar case. On December 1st, at supper time, Mr. Scott paid Judson $36 wages due for two months' work, and next morning found in his room in an outbuilding sitting unconscious in a chair, with gashed forehead and clothing saturated with blood. It was at first presumed that Judson had received his injury by a fall.

Suspicion, however, was soon directed to Martin Tohan, a young Hungarian of many aliases. He has recently been employed by Mr. Scott, and knew that on December 1st Judson was to be paid off. On December 13th Tohan was arrested in this city, and on January 18th, after a series of hearings in police court, Judge Shute held that the state had made out a case against Tohan, and he is now held without bail for the April grand jury A strong chain of circumstantial evidence was forged about him at the hearings, he being ably defended by S. Peter Emery of this city.

He was arrested on the charge of attempt to murder. On the day of the final hearing he was also arrested on a new complaint for assault and robbery.

Whether or not Judson's death can be attributed to injuries received in the assault is not yet clear. From his commitment to the hospital until Friday he was in charge of Dr. Walter Tuttle, who is of the opinion that necrosis was the cause of death. He says that Judson would have recovered from the fractured skull had hit physical condition otherwise been good.

Mentally, Judson made great improvement before his death. He often gave intelligent answers to questions, but persistently refused to speak about his assault.

On Friday, Dr. Albert H. Varney succeeded Dr. Tuttle as hospital physician for two months, and, while he says Judson was suffering from an infectious disease, he deems the injuries received in the assault a cause of death

Attorney General Eastman has ordered Dr. William H. Nute, a coroner, to make a careful autopsy and report to him his findings.

Judson was about seventy years of age, and was by birth in Englishman. He had been an artilleryman in the British army, and was a Crimean veteran. Soon after service there he came to this country, and had long lived in Plaistow, where he leaves a wife and children.

APPOINTED A COMMISSIONER.

Wallace Hackett of this city has been appointed as one of the New Hampshire commissioners by Governor Gordon to make plans for the erection of a joint New England building at the Pan American exhibition at Buffalo. The commissioners, sixteen in number, met in conference at the Parker house, Boston, on Saturday and formulated plans.

After a lengthy discussion of the project the commissioners decided that each state should bear its pro rata share of the cost of the handsome structure which they purpose erecting.

Plans were shown of a beautiful architectural scheme of the colonial type, the structure to be two stories in hight and contain, in addition to general assembly and reception rooms, etc., six spacious apartments, each of which will be assigned to and occupied by the representatives of the several states

A. P. A. C. MYSTERY.

The members of the Portsmouth Athletic club are now debating on whether it isn't policy to take in the club house nights so they will be sure of finding it there mornings. Saturday evening, some person or persons removed the big two foot door plates from both front doors and lugged them off. Just what use will be made of them is causing much speculation among the club members Carnegie might buy them for armor plate for some battleship and of course they can be broken up and disposed of to some firm for pig iron, but it is really thought that they will be used as souvenirs. The entire city detective force has been set in motion and it is hoped the guilty parties will be brought to justice.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Stetson's big production of Uncle Tom's Cabin will appear at Music hall tomorrow (Tuesday) evening. This season it has been organized in a manner that will make it far superior to any previous production ever seen here special attention has been given to the staging of the piece, and the scenery faithfully portrays several scenes of southern life during anti bellum days in the far south. A large number of genuine colored people who introduce cake walks, buck dancing, southern jubilee singing and funny scenes in the cotton fields add materially to the production. Misses Kitty Morgan and Bertha Crosbie are the two Topsies; Messrs George Harris and Nick Glinn are the two Marks, and Stetson's original "Uncle Tom," Mr. Fred Bennett, will also be in the cast. Of late years the stage has been deluged by so many cheap Uncle Tom companies that the public has been led to regard an announcement of its production with a great deal of distrust. Mr. Leon Washburn, the manager of this company, has, however, succeeded in organizing a cast composed of specially selected players, chosen for their adaptability for the parts assigned, and has received his reward in the generous patronage of the public and praise from the press. It is doubtful if Uncle Tom, even when a novelty and new to the stage, ever received the attention so liberally bestowed upon it as now during this sumptous revival.

OPENING OF THE BICYCLE SEASON.

If the observer must judge from the manner in which the sample bicycle cases are flying around with dapper little drummers attached, it only goes to show that the bicycle season is fast approaching.

A talk with the local dealers discloses that there are several conflicting ideas regarding the bike of the season of 1901. They all agree, however, that the season of two years ago was the best experienced in years. One dealer thought that this season would equal that of '99. The wheel snow on the road as samples, differ but little from those seen here last season.

The weights of the different makes will be about the same as last year. They have the tendency to be more showy and the enamelling more elaborate. There are makes innumerable and they all have some new "gink." The machine of the motor type will not be popular in this city because of the expense in keeping one. Many of the wheels will have cushion frames this year. The chainless wheel which had such a future predicted for it last season does not seem to be the coming favorite. The coaster brake and narrow chain are to be popular this year. This brake, though, has no charms for the fast rider. Wheels will be cheap and many will be ridden.

BUYING CLAIMS.

The Corporation Liquidation company of New York city is buying up the claims of the certificate holders of the Granite State Provident association at twenty cents on the dollar.

The Granite State Provident association will be remembered by a good many people of this city as a company that did a loan business with headquarters at Manchester. A numer of certificate holders of the company were residents of this city.

The company did an extensive business and it has also figured extensively in the courts. Hon. D. Arthur Taggart of Manchester is the receiver of the company.

AT THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

The guests of honor at the governor's ball next Wednesday night will be: Govs. Crane of Massachusetts, Stickney of Vermont and Hill of Maine, Gen. W. A. Bancroft of Cambridge, Gen. Thos. R. Matthews of Boston, Lieut. Col. Thos. F. Edwards of Boston, Lieut. Col. Walter F. Parker of the Second Corps of Cadets of Salem, Mass., Capt John W. Weeks of the Naval brigade, Boston; Brig. Gen. Tolles of Nashua and staff and Cols. Upham and Totley and staffs.

GRAFFORT CLUB.

The Tennyson work of the literature department, Monday, Feb. 4th, at 4 P. M., in observatory hall, will be on the Idyls of the King that are especially concerned with Arthur. The readings will be in character, and the nun's song will be sung.

IN THE INTEREST OF TEMPERANCE.

Thos N. Dontney, the noted and favorably-known non-political, non-sectarian and non-abusive temperance lecturer and worker, is in town and hopes to arrange for a series of meetings in this city in the near future Mr. Dontney says he has no use for bigotry and works in a way to secure the respect of saloon owners. He is prominently opposed to what he calls the farce and humbug of political prohibition, for it wont prohibit. He says public sentiment is decidedly against it and that there is no use to "buck against" it. He believes in practical and applied temperance. When asked for his opinion concerning Mrs. Nation's method of dealing with saloons in the west, he said "two wrongs don't make a right," and if saloon owners sell liquor against law in Kansas, Mrs. Nation is legally and morally guilty of crime in destroying property. Being a woman is the only reason she is allowed to live, for if a man attempted to do what she did he would be a corpse instanter. Like a great many others, I believe she is afflicted with emotional insanity. I feel she should be examined by a lunatico-inquirendo commission. I believe in the principle of prohibition, if it could be enforced by public opinion, backed by law, but I prefer a properly rigid and enforced license law to prohibition not enforced and made a farce of. I would not allow every "Tom, Dick and Harry" to have a license.

THE SPRAGUE MURDER TRIAL.

The trial of Edward H. Knight for the murder of Fannie Sprague of South Berwick, last May, begins in Saco next Tuesday. It promises sensational interest, and the court officers are worrying in advance as to how they may handle the crowd. There will be about fifty witnesses, and the whole population of South Berwick and surrounding towns seems determined to take in the trial, judging from the applications for board that have been received. Though the Saco court house is the largest in the state it can hardly accommodate so many hundreds, as there will be thousands who will want to hear this trial.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Delapoon-Unity basket ball game and dance was a financial success.

The senior Delapoon basket ball team certainly plays a fast and plucky game.

The Manchester Y. M. C. A. basket ball team may be seen in this city in the near future.

The Knights of Columbus basket ball team will shortly meet the Unities in a practice game.

Followers of basket ball are looking forward to the time when Co. B meets the Portsmouth team in the league series.

The Portsmouth bowling team will endeavor to take sweet revenge on Dover, when the up-river bowlers appear in this city.

Company B will play the Maplewoods and P. H. S. will meet the Delapoon Juniors in the basket ball league series, next Wednesday evening.

No member of the Unity club has ever heard of Hanson of Cleveland, who is reported to have signed to play second base on the club base ball team next season.

On form, the Delapoon Juniors should win from the P. H. S. team in the basket ball league game, Wednesday evening, while taking previous games as a criterion, the Maplewood-Co. B contest should be close and interesting.

The New Hampshire basket ball team of New Hampshire college will appear in this city, Friday evening, February 15th, in a game with the Unity five. The New Hampshire team will line up as follows: Weeks, of last year's Wapanago team, centre; Bradford, of the Delapoon five of last season, and Lewis, the well-known quarterback of the New Hampshire college football team, forwards; Rundlett, the famous line backing half back of the New Hampshire college eleven, and Church, another well known football player, guards. With such a team as this, the New Hampshire boys should be able to give almost any opponent a stiff argument.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Forecast for New England: Snow Monday, higher temperature; Tuesday fair, colder, fresh to brisk easterly to northeasterly winds.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SCIENCE OF BULLETS.

POWER OF PENETRATION OF ARMY RIFLE PROJECTILES.

Why the United States Government Adopted the Krag-Jorgensen Pattern—It Does Its Work Without Mangling the Victim It Strikes.

To the mind of the layman who has gone no farther into the art of war than to know that nowadays the side which kills the greater number of men wins in al[illegible] every fight, humanity [illegible] consid[illegible] in the matter of bullets [illegible] ously in itself ridiculous. In spite of this the moral principle cited has played a very considerable part in the arming of our foot soldiers, and, as said by an army officer, has caused much comment that has been unfavorable to the United States infantry.

No ordnance officer will admit that the criticism is altogether just when applied to the arms and bullets authorized for the use of the infantry, and when it comes to other nations having better arms and more effective bullets than we have, he says "No!" emphatically.

"It is not a question of how badly a bullet mangles the body of a man whom it kills," said an officer skilled in the science of bullet making, "for one dead man is just as dead as another. The question is How far will a bullet go and to what extent does its course and speed depend upon its shape? The power of penetration comes under the same head, but that is governed partly by the material of which it is made.

"It took a good many years for us to discover that a bullet made entirely of lead was limited in penetrating power. Every officer in the army and navy knew that steel would pierce any substance to a greater depth than lead, but whoever thought of using it for small bullets in preference to the softer metal until the man who discovered the advantages of a rifled bore found also that the leaden bullets stuck in the barrel and frequently made the breech of a gun quite as dangerous as the muzzle? The revolution began then, and at the present time it has gone so far that while there are advantages of a kind on the side of the explosive bullet and the mushroom bullet, the United States government does not like the kind.

"The question has been asked repeatedly why the United States have not adopted these more destructive bullets, and upon this the many adverse criticisms have been based. Any bullet will kill when it hits in the right spot, and, that being accepted, the only conditions to be met are those of getting the bullet that goes the straightest and the greatest distance. Speed carries a bullet to the greatest distance, and if you have in your bullet a material which offers the greatest resistance to an opposing force the problem is solved.

"It was found early in the life of the rifle that lead was necessary to give a bullet the weight required to make it effective, and then the jacket bullet of steel filled with lead became a fact. The force being supplied to carry this bullet two miles and more when sent at a dead level, the ingenuity of man found another field.

"Inventors vied with each other in making the most destructive bullets; but, after all not one has made a bullet which will kill more than one man at a time unless they happen to be in line, so that the bullet having passed through one man can [illegible] on until its force is spent. There you have come to force again, just where you started. The officers who have had the small firearm and its bullets under consideration for years have thought all this [illegible] and out of the fifty odd bullets which have been invented since the war of the rebellion they have chosen the best. By the best I mean the one that will go the farthest in a straight line and at the end of its journey retain the greatest penetrative power.

"It is not human to mangle a man just for the sake of making the horrors of war more hideous, but it is human to put him out of the fight and give him a chance to live, forward if it must be done. It is fortunate, too, for in these times, when nearly all nations have improved arms at their disposal, each one may do unto his enemy just what his enemy will do unto him."

This is one side of the question, and when the United States government found a bullet which would do all that a bullet ought to do in the matter of speed and accuracy it accepted it with the rifle for which it was made. This happened when the Krag-Jorgensen rifle and bullet were adopted. All the improvements which have been made in this gun and projectile since that time have been adopted as they have come.

The inventors found early in the progress of the evolution of the small projectile that a small caliber bullet had many advantages. The recoil resulting from the use of the large quantity of powder necessary to send even the .45 caliber Springfield bullet a moderate distance was lessened by the reduction of the caliber, and then a stronger powder was made. The surface against which the powder acted being smaller, the ill effects of recoil were then not to be contended against. At the same time the bullet attained a flat trajectory, giving it killing power at 2,000 yards, a greater accuracy and an increased penetrating power. The .30 caliber bullet, which is acknowledged to be the most effective, will go through 17 inches of pine wood at 2,000 yards range and when through that will pierce the bodies of five men. At the same distance it will bury itself 14 inches deep in sand, which, next to water, offers a greater resistance to a bullet than any other substance.

The evolution of the bullet was marked by one radical change, but since then the changes have been of minor importance. After the steel jacket had been accepted for the bullet other nations conceived the idea of making the tip of the steel jacket as thin as paper, so that the impact between it and the human body would spread the lead and have an effect almost equal to the explosive bullet. Our government officers denounced this as barbarism and chose the simpler bullet of the Krag-Jorgensen. Before this the Springfield rifle, shooting a .45 caliber leaden bullet, was the adopted arm, having come into use in 18[illegible]. The great things in the way of flat trajectory and penetrating qualities which are asserted for the steel jacketed bullets do not belong to it, but the tables in the ordnance records say that at 2,000 yards it will pierce 1½ inches of oak. They say that the big .45 caliber leaden bullet at 2,500 yards range will go through 1.37 inches of pine, and at 2,950 yards it will bury itself five inches in a sand bank.—New York Sun.

What She Wanted.

Indignant Woman—This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day.

[illegible] Well, you told you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?—Household Words.

THE END OF EXPLORATION.

By 1950 the World Will Hold No Geographical Mystery.

The world has been searched and mapped and charted till it is seen to be but a little place barely big enough for its people, yet where we'll never grow any bigger. Captain Cook found the last unexplored continent, and now it is scarcely possible that there exists even an island of which the experts at the admiralty or Lloyds' could not give us some account. We have not reached the north pole, and there is a wilderness of land to be discovered somewhere in the far south if the antarctic fog would only lift, but in neither can there be any new human beings. There is no great untraversed, there is no kingdom unvisited, there is no city—unless there be one, as the Indians murmur, at the back of Peru—which Europeans have not visited. There are minute discoveries still to be made in Africa and Australia and even Asia—for we know little of Tibet and the wild hills, rich probably in gold, in which the Burhampooter takes its source—but year by year the mist is receding till shortly all will be visible even to vulgar eyes.

By 1950 the world will hold no geographical mystery, and the true explorer, who has affected the imaginations of men like the conqueror or the great King, will not only be a nonexistent but an impossible being. The world within the present writer's lifetime has shrunk to a third of its size, and it will then, if there is general peace, be a very little place, easily traversed at about 30 miles an hour and for the most part open to the sarcasm of the American who described to us the Isle of Wight as a pretty place, very pretty, but "cultivated with a pair of scissors and a fine toothcomb." We do not know whether the oxygen in the world, as Lord Kelvin seems to suppose, will ever be consumed, but we do know that for the restless breed of explorers who have done so much to utilize its resources it will become a shockingly dull place. They will not reach another planet, toil they ever so patiently, and we see little hope for them unless they can take to studying butterflies' wings, snails' teeth or the discovery of some elixir, perhaps liquefied oxygen, which shall prevent pain and arrest the spread of every epidemic disease.—London Spectator.

PUSSY CAT PRANKS.

A Southern Feline That Knows a Thing or Two About Acting.

A lady who has a small menagerie of pets remarked the other day: "I have come to the conclusion that the cleverest and slest animal in the world is the cat. They are cautious and suspicious, and, while a dog can be taught implicit obedience, you can never get more than eye service from a cat. I own a very intelligent specimen Though he is old enough to be more dignified, he has a mania for playing with and pulling at anything that flutters in the wind, whether it be curtain or plant or ribbon, and his sharp claws do very destructive work. When I am present, I have only to say 'Roger' in a quietly reproving tone, and he stops his mischief at once, but I see daily many proofs that he takes advantage of the turning of my back.

"He is forbidden to go into the parlor, and never enters it while I am in the house, and were it not for the presence of black cat's hairs on my sofa cushions I might fancy Roger a model of obedience. One day as I approached my house I saw Roger on the parlor window sill, viewing the passersby with much interest. He did not see me until I tapped on the window pane with my umbrella, and then he disappeared like a flash. He was up stairs before I opened the front door, and when I went to my room there he was, stretched upon the hearth rug, apparently in the deep slumber of innocence. I gave him a slap as a slight punishment, and he opened his eyes and gazed at me in mild surprise, as if to say, 'What's the matter with you?' He evidently wanted to persuade me that I had been the victim of an optical illusion. No human being could have done a cleverer piece of acting."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

German Justice Reversed Himself.

When George R. Peck first became an attorney for the Santa Fe, he went to a small town in western Kansas to argue a case that had been brought against the road for damages to several head of cattle that had been killed. The case was tried before a judge who was decidedly German. The witnesses were examined and the case gone through with, and the attorney for the prosecution arose and made a strong plea for conviction. He waxed eloquent, and the judge paid close attention.

"Are you troo?" asked the judge when the lawyer stopped.

"Yes, your honor."

"You vins de case," said the judge.

"But I want a chance to argue my side of the case," said Peck.

"No, he vins," stoutly asserted the judge. But Peck commenced to talk and gradually his talk led up to the case, and before the judge knew it Peck was arguing the defense. The judge listened closely, and when Peck had finished he said:

"You vins de case."

"But you have already decided in my favor," said the other lawyer.

"Dat's all right. I reverse by virst decision. Dis man vins." And the judge stuck to his last decision, and Peck won his railroad case.—Topeka State Journal.

Residing In Three Countries.

Cases have been known of a man's house being in two parishes, and even in two counties, but a Belgian paper gives an instance of a miller whose premises are in Bavaria, Prussia, and Lorraine, though of course he claims to be a frontier inhabitant. He is the miller of Uhrigmuhle-loz-Bliesmengen, and the three territories on which he dwells touch each other, the line of demarcation being in the kitchen. The miller cannot really say that he is a Bavarian, a Prussian, or an inhabitant of Lorraine, for after investigation it has been discovered that he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia and works in Lorraine.—London Tit-Bits.

Consolation.

Mildred—I just heard a little while ago that your brother Cholly was ill.

Mabel—Yes; he has brain fever.

Mildred—Oh, I congratulate you! This must be a great relief to your family.

Mabel—I don't understand you.

Mildred—Why, this will prove beyond a doubt that he has some.—Cleveland Leader.

During about 700 years the Latin language was the language of court, camp and polite society from the river Tweed, in Scotland, to the Euphrates, in Asia, and from the Crimea, or Chersonese, in [illegible] at the western extremity of the Mediterranean.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A STATESMAN OF RUSSIA.

How Constantine Pobedonostzeff Caused the Great Reaction.

Embassador Andrew D. White contributes to The Century a sketch of [illegible] man of Russia, Constantine Pobedonostzeff, procurator general of the most holy synod. After speaking of the death of Alexander II at the very time when [illegible] was granting liberal institutions, Mr. White says:

At his death the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that at the first meeting of the imperial councilors, Loris-Melikoff, [illegible] lieving that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of the councilors seemed fully in accord with him when suddenly there arose in the council this tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who, at first very simply, but finally with burning eloquence, presented a different view.

According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the emperor that all so called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, however such things might be suited to western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been from time immemorial the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws, the ideas of the hundred millions of various races under the sway of the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity—socialism, with its plots and bombs, appearing in all quarters, attempts making against rulers of nations everywhere, and the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken the most complete hold. He insisted that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved, and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all before it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris-Melikoff, followed by his death, not long afterward, upon the Riviera; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the emperor; and, as a consequence of this, the suppression of the constitution, the discouragement of every liberal tendency and that complete reaction which is in full force at the present hour.

Fate of the Peacocks.

There is a very wealthy gentleman in Washington who owns an island somewhere off the coast of New Hampshire, I believe. It is said to be one of the most beautiful places in all the country, and a famous literary woman who visited there one summer suggested that a peacock here and there would make the landscape simply perfection. The host sent an order to one of his agents for a dozen especially fine peacocks. The agent, so the story was told me, was a trifle forgetful, and it was some time very late in the fall, after the owner of the island had come back to town, before the man remembered the peacocks. Immediately he had a dozen selected by a poulterer—at least I suppose it was a poulterer—and shipped to the island. Some time later the caretaker acknowledged their receipt.

"Dear sir," he wrote to the owner of the island, "the one dozen peacocks received. I have put them to roost in the hen house. They are still there. The weather is cold here. Yours truly." The signature followed. That was not all of the letter, however. Down near the bottom of the page was a postscript:

"P. S.—Their feet are frozen to the roost."—Washington Post.

Germany In Africa.

In Africa alone Germany has nearly a million square miles of colonial possession. For 15 years she has expended vast sums for the purpose of giving the black people of these territories the same minute and paternal administration that she dispenses in Brandenburg and Pomerania. Costly buildings have been erected, in which extensive offices have been provided, and patient clerks on very small salaries are kept busy tabulating from day to day the results obtained. German exports to these African colonies are considerable, but they are mainly in the nature of ammunition, beer and other articles of prime importance to German officials. An army of highly trained scribes is maintained in Berlin for the purpose of directing the colonial administration, and a complaisant parliament votes from year to year enough money to make up the chronic deficit. Yet today in all German Africa there are not a thousand white colonists.—"White Man's Africa," by Poultney Bigelow.

Stockings and Holes.

"Black stockings," said the man of moderate means, "have always appealed to me because they don't show under a hole in your shoe, but when the other day there came in one of my stockings a hole directly under and coincident with a hole in the leather above it I didn't know what to do. [illegible] fact which I mentioned to a friend of mine, who is a man of more moderate means still.

"'Why, dear me,' he said, 'all you do is shift the stockings,' which I did, putting the holey stocking over on the foot with the whole shoe and bringing the whole stocking over on to the foot with the holey shoe, and as I surveyed the gratifying result I felt that I had indeed much yet to learn in the higher branches of the great art of adaptability to circumstances."—New York Sun.

Shorthand.

Shorthand is one of the arts that have never been lost. It is believed that it was practiced in Phoenicia before the Greeks existed as a people and possibly also at Babylon. One finds no trace of it in China or Japan, primarily because the first named country has always and the second until recently copied all manner of labor and time saving devices.

European Postal Facilities.

Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered [illegible] within an hour and a half [illegible]

[illegible]

AN ISOLATED RACE.

The Ainos of Japan, Who Had Never Seen a Foreigner.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd writes for The Century from personal observation an article entitled "In Aino Land." Mrs. Todd says:

In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst college expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive "hairy Aino" of that region.

In the southern portion of the island near Hakodate and Sapporo and about [illegible] bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who until the summer of 1896 were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami are too distant to be sought by visitors, and a foreign woman, the Japanese officials informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hakodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently looking for nothing unusual and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger and apparently stronger than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lofty expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south of Hokkaido, the Ainos are among the few races yet retaining in this overcivilized world of ours an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and subservient to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the center of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine
Wherever your eyes turn, there echos the sound
of the Aino speech.

A Breakfast He Didn't Eat.

There is a woman who keeps a hotel and restaurant down town. She is good as good can be and prominent in righteous works. Last Sunday morning a man I know went into her cafe and ordered breakfast. It was a little late, and he was hungry. His breakfast order included several extras. Before a single dish had been placed before him the proprietress walked up to his table and said in a voice that was distinctly audible to everybody in the room:

"Would you please pay me now?"

The man looked up in surprise.

"Why, I don't owe you anything yet," he said.

"But I want you to pay me now," persisted the landlady. "You're the only one here who isn't a regular boarder. I don't know you, and I want to go to church, so please pay me now."

The stranger rose in wrath.

"Madam," said he, "I wouldn't for worlds keep you from going to church. Here is the money, and you may keep the breakfast."

And breakfastless, but filled with a rage that made him forget his [illegible] the stranger stalked out.—Washington Post.

Russia's Priceless Jewels.

"A whole guidebook devoted simply to the Hermitage could give no [illegible] idea of the barbaric splendor of its belongings," writes Lilian Bell of the famous St. Petersburg museum in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Its riches are beyond belief. Even the presents given by the emir of Bokhara to the czar are splendid enough to dazzle one like a realization of the 'Arabian Nights,' but to see the most valuable of all, which are kept in the emperor's private vaults, is to be reduced to a state of bewilderment bordering on idiocy. [illegible] astonishing enough to one who has [illegible] even one Russian belt set with turquoise enamel to think of all the trappings of a horse—bit, bridle, saddle girth, saddle cloth and all—made of cloth of gold and set in solid turquoise enamel, with the sword hilt, scabbard, belts and pistol handle and holster made of the same. Well, these are there by the roomful. When you come to the private jewels and you see all these [illegible] made of precious stones—one of [illegible] diamonds, another diamonds, emeralds, topazes and rubies.

An Evasive Answer.

"John," said a clergyman to his factotum, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sir. Will I tell them you're not in?"

"No, John. That would be a lie."

"An what 'll I say, yer reverence?"

"Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer."

At supper time John was asked if any one had called.

"Yes, there did," he said.

"And what did you tell him?" asked the clergyman.

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"How was that?" queried his reverence.

"He ast me was yer reverence in, an I sez to him, sez I, 'Was your grandmother a monkey?'"—London Answers.

Coughs.

Every person who coughs should not alarm himself with the idea that he is in a bad way. Experience has convinced us of a fact that there are two distinct kinds of coughs—one proceeding from an affection of the lungs and air tubes, as in a cold, the other proceeding from effervescence in the stomach. The lung cough is a symptom we all know to require attention, lest serious consequences ensue. The stomach cough is a much more simple matter and may easily be got quit of. It is caused by the food and drink which are put into the stomach effervescing and producing an irritation. A knowledge of this fact ought to lead persons so affected to ponder a little on the nature of their ailment and the tone of their digestive powers.—New York Ledger.

Effects.

"It makes people [illegible] seems to have money," remarked the observer of men and things. "Not to have it is apt to make them nervy."—Detroit Journal.

MYSTERIES OF CAKE BAKING.

Sallie Joy White Explains Every Step In the Process.

In making cake, if you wish to insure its being good you must use only the best ingredients, be accurate in your measurement and follow the rule implicitly. Use a wooden spoon for mixing, and always mix the butter in an earthen dish. Metal, either in mixing bowl or spoon, is apt to destroy the delicacy of the cake. Butter that has the least unpleasant taste will develop greater unpleasantness when heated and spoil the article of food into which it has been put. Baking powder, cream of tartar and soda should be added to the sifted flour and the whole passed again through the sieve. Flour should be sifted before it is measured. Unless contrary directions are given in the rule which you are using, the whites and yolks of the eggs should be beaten separately. The best sugar to use in cakemaking is the fine granulated. The coarser sugar makes the cake coarse also, and with a tendency to heaviness.

So much for the ingredients. Now for the way in which they are put together. Cream the butter first of all; have the mixing bowl warm, as that will help soften the butter and get it in a condition to beat. When it is light and creamy, add the sugar, beating it thoroughly in. Then put in the flavoring or spices, then beat in the yolks of the eggs, which you have whisked well, so that they are light and smooth; next add the milk, then the flour and last of all the well beaten whites of the eggs. Beat vigorously for half a minute.

When you start to make cake, you want to make sure that your oven is right for the baking and that there is sufficient coal in the fire to last through. Butter your cake pans and line them with thin paper. The heat should be moderate, and care should be taken to keep the cake from being jarred, else it will be heavy. After the cake is baked it is better to let it partially cool in the pans, especially if it is a very delicate cake.—Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN.

The Young Man Should Be Guided by His Own Best Instincts.

"Common sense rules in dress and manners the same as in any phase of our lives, and this our young men should learn and understand," writes Edward Bok of "What Makes a Gentleman" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A man's manners are not exterior; they emanate from within, from himself. Experience and observation are the only teachers he can seek and use. Etiquette books are useless to him. A young man's progress and favor in the eyes of others does not depend upon his being ostentatiously 'correct' in manner, movement and speech. His strongest and most lasting hold upon the respect and confidence of people comes from something deeper. He must not be boorish nor slovenly nor heedless of the feelings of others. It is his duty to carry himself well according to his best instincts and not by rule as laid down in etiquette books.

"So with a young man's dress. At 20 we do not expect our young men to devote so much time to their clothes that they shall be correctly dressed upon every occasion. Such useless knowledge is at that time of life acquired at the expense of far more important matters. The taste for good dressing and its knowledge so far as it is necessary comes to all of us as we progress. The right sort of a young man dresses in the neatest and best manner he can and as well as his income permits. That is always good dressing.

"To overdress one's station in the world is always poor taste and invariably makes a bad impression. I never yet saw a young man who either hired or borrowed an evening suit for a special occasion who did not loudly proclaim the self evident fact. When a young man wears clothes beyond his means, he invariably shows it, and he never fails to make a fool of himself. This rule is invariable. It is not what a man wears, but how he wears it, that tells the story."

Arab Funerals.

"One of the strangest and most affecting sights in an Arab town," says a Tunis correspondent of London Sketch, "is that of the funerals, which may be met at any street corner. The corpse is merely wrapped in a mat of esparto grass and carried either on a bier or on men's shoulders. The mourners lounge along, some in front and some behind, crooning verses of the Koran in melancholy tones, which haunt one for days afterward.

"This wailing is, however, nothing to that which goes on in the house of the deceased. When I was staying in the country near Tunis, I heard it kept up during a whole night in a neighboring village, and I can conceive nothing more desperately depressing than these strains of lamentation wafted through the darkness by the breeze. My dog stood it even less well than I did and felt constrained to join in the doleful chorus until I was half tempted to put a bullet through his head. Perhaps the strangest of all the funerals I saw was at Bizerta. It was that of a baby, which was being carried to its grave in an esparto basket."

Mixed His Directions.

Editors have their troubles like less distinguished folk. One of these gentlemen who presides over the destinies of a western newspaper is mourning the loss of two subscribers. No. 1 wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers went forward by mail, but by accident he put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received this answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled."

And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."—Christian Work.

What We Owe to Hamilton.

The constitution, which is the bulwark of our national existence, was first suggested by Hamilton in his letter to James Duane in 1780, and from that time to its final adoption his advocacy of it never flagged for a moment. It is safe to say that but for Hamilton we might not have had a constitution, but would have remained a mere confederacy of states.—Munsey's Magazine.

Five is the sacred number of the Chinese, who have five planets, five cardinal points, five tastes, five virtues, five musical tones, five ranks of nobility and five colors.

The [illegible] been introduced into that country by the Moors. It is still in common use among the peasants.

WILL YOU WALK WITH ME THE DAY?

[A Derry Idealetto.]

"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Donnelly,
The [illegible] lot is away, Roseen dhu?
[illegible] you are ready
An' the sun is shinin' steady.
Will you walk with me the day, Rose aroo?"

"I'll not walk with you the day, Mr. Cassidy.
No [illegible] Master John.
[illegible]
[illegible] barks I'm ready,
[illegible] there the day with Commodore."

"What's your reason?" "Who was he that on
[illegible]
[illegible] Domestic duty keeps me
[illegible]
I [illegible] exchangin kisses
With [illegible] young Miss or Mrs.
Through Col.'s telescope from out of Derry port?"

"Twas myself betwixt the puffing Juno's
[illegible]
I confess it, [illegible] kisses with a will
From no foolish, forward stranger,
But safe out of stormy danger
From my sister off the liner at Moville.

"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Donnelly?
There, jewel, it's too sore you're takin' on."
"I could [illegible]
But with [illegible]
Yes! I'll walk—I'll walk—forever—with you, John."

—Alfred Perceval Graves in Sketch.

CAUTIOUS UNCLE JERRY.

He Would Take No Chances Even For a Goodly Fortune.

A lawyer had come all the way from California to pay a $10,000 legacy over to Uncle Jerry Hopefield, who had lived all his life in a little town in Ohio, and after breakfast two or three of us were invited to go along and witness the transfer. When we reached the house, Uncle Jerry was tightening up the hoops on the rain barrel while his wife had gone to see a sick neighbor. They had been fully identified the day before as the proper parties, and now the lawyer said:

"Well, Uncle Jerry, I want to hand you that money and get a receipt and be off this morning."

"I'm kinder busy just now," said the old man as he stepped hammering for a moment.

"Yes, but I have $10,000 here for you. I don't believe there's a man in the world who wouldn't stop work long enough to sign a receipt for such a fortune."

"Mebbe not, but it looks like rain, and I want to git this bar'l fixed right away. Can't you come over in about an hour?"

"Look here, man, but did you ever see $10,000 in all your life?" asked the lawyer as he opened the satchel and displayed a big package of new greenbacks.

"No, I never did," replied Uncle Jerry as he pounded away.

"Did you ever have $1,000 of your own?"

"Lands, no!"

"Never had a hundred all at once, did you?"

"Never. Durn that hoop, but it don't want to go on!"

"I must ask you to get this business over as soon as possible," continued the lawyer as the old man kept at his work.

"But it's going to rain."

"Yes, but here's your money."

"And I've got to get this bar'l fixed."

"It won't take over ten minutes to fix up our business. Run along and fetch your wife."

"See here," said Uncle Jerry as he laid down his hammer and wiped the back of his neck, "Mariar has gone over to Bledgett's to be gone an hour. Before she went she said I must tinker up this rain bar'l."

"But can't you stop your tinkering to handle $10,000 in cold cash?" exclaimed the lawyer in indignant tones.

"Yes, yes. I kin stop work, but what about Mariar?"

"Well, what about her?"

"Why, she'd come home expectin this bar'l to be all tinkered up, and if she found it wasn't them $10,000 wouldn't hold her no more 'n a tow string would hold a hoss. She'd jest shove me clean down among the cabbages and jump on the bar'l with both feet and squash it all to squash, and fur the next week I'd hev to walk around on tiptoe and eat my meals in the wood shed."—Washington Star.

The End Came Another Way.

A distinguished actor of the present day was one time engaged at one of our leading provincial theaters in a drama in which he attempts an escape from a convict prison, first by getting rid of his fetters by means of a file and lastly by getting over the prison wall. In the act of doing this he is shot at by a warder and killed.

One particular night the drama had run its usual course up to the point where the actor attempts the escape over the prison wall. The warder, as usual, presented his rifle, but instead of a loud report nothing but a faint clicking sound was heard. The rifle was lowered and after a brief delay again pointed, but with the same disappointing result.

The audience now began to hiss and jeer.

The disgusted actor then got off the prison wall, and, staggering toward the footlights, exclaimed: "It's all up! I've swallowed the file!" and fell prone on the stage amidst the laughter and applause of the audience.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Matinee.

It was a common thing for actors to accord Mr. Boucicault of being the originator of the matinee in this country. That is not true. The matinee came from Boston, and it was only a few years ago that it was against the law in Massachusetts to give a theatrical performance on a Saturday night. The managers, to get their six performances a week, gave a matinee on Saturday, and it has not been such a great number of years since that law was repealed.—Owen Fawcett in Detroit Free Press.

Seatless.

An English hostess was entertaining about 800 people at a reception and had provided only about 75 seats. In despair she said to a compatriot: "Oh, I am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!"

"Bless my soul, madam!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with them?"

A German authority has recently stated that rubber is not waterproof, and as evidence of this he instances that rubber turns white when long in contact with water.

Although Ireland has been described as one great farm, only 30 of the 8,555 schoolhouses have gardens attached to them.

"BROMO" not the same as "BROMIDE."

[illegible] Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets [illegible] cures a cold in one day. [illegible] Bromo and not Bromide. At all druggists, 25c.

SALUTES ON A WARSHIP.

None Is Fired Between Sunset and Sunrise, and None Exceeds Twenty-one Guns.

In St. Nicholas Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., writes of "Ceremonies and Etiquette on a Man-of-war." Lieutenant Andrews says:

No salute exceeds 21 guns, and no salute is ever fired except between sunrise and sunset, when the national colors must be displayed, but it is also usual not to fire salutes before 8 a. m. Whenever the president is embarked in a ship of war flying his flag, all other United States ships of war and naval stations near which he passes will fire the national salute.

Side boys are detailed usually from the apprentice boys. They stand each side of the gangway in line and salute by touching their caps as visiting officials come on board or leave. Commissioned officers board and leave a ship by the starboard gangway. Warrant officers, naval cadets and enlisted men use the port gangway.

After nightfall all boats coming close to the ship are hailed by the marine sentry or by the quartermaster with the words, "Boat ahoy!" A flag officer answers, "Flag;" a commanding officer answers the name of his ship; other commissioned officers answer, "Aye, aye;" warrant officers and naval cadets answer, "No, no," while enlisted men answer, "Hello!"

Every officer and man on reaching the upper deck salutes the national flag, and this salute is returned by the officer of the watch at hand.

Flag officers are addressed by their titles of admiral or commodore, captains and commanding officers are called "Captain," all other officers are called "Mr." and not by their official titles, though in addressing them in writing these titles are always used. The surgeons, however, are usually called "Doctor" and paymasters of any grade "Paymaster."

Boat salutes are given by tossing oars, which means holding them upright in the air with the blades fore and aft, or by lying on oars, by which is meant holding the oars horizontal as they rest in the rowlocks. Cockswains of boats stand and salute when passing boats containing officers. All officers and men, whether in uniform or not, meeting a senior afloat or ashore salute by touching the cap.

When a ship of the navy enters a port of any nation where there is a fort or battery or where a ship of war of that nation may be lying, she shall fire a salute of 21 guns, provided the captain is satisfied that the salute will be returned. The flag of the nation saluted will be displayed at the main during the salute.

National airs of foreign states having war vessels in company with our own will be played by our bands as a compliment.

An Undesirable Capture.

Mr. E. Terry Sinclair writes in The Century of "The Eventful Cruise of the Florida." Mr. Sinclair says:

Another of our captures, a vessel from the East Indies, contained a rare character in an old lady, who, we were told, was a missionary on her return home for a vacation. As usual, Captain Morris gave this lady one of the staterooms in his cabin, but it was not long before she had the entire cabin, and I think, had she staid much longer, would have been captain. She was intensely Union and had little use for "rebels," nor did she hesitate to tell us so. We got in the habit of watching for her head as it came up out of the cabin hatch, when there would be a general scamper, but the poor officer of the deck was compelled to stand and take her tongue lashing. The old lady usually promenaded the deck with a green cotton umbrella raised, and on one occasion one of the retreating ones returned and found that Lieutenant Stone, who was in charge of the deck, had gone into the rigging, where he remained, looking very much like a cat up a tree, with a dog watching him.

Madrid and Its Climate.

Along the Mediterranean shore Spain presents a narrow ribbon of fertile, delightful country. The region is often called "the garden of Spain."

It is a great contrast to pass from these tropical shores to the wind swept plains of interior Spain. The level country inclosed by the Guadarrama and the Cantabrian mountains forms in the west an extensive wheat growing region. Toward the east as the rainfall decreases pasturage encroaches upon arable culture. In New Castile, on the south of the Guadarrama and in about the center of Spain, the political capital has been placed. The level country in which it has been dropped, as if by accident, is for the most part a waterless plain, swept in winter by the piercing winds from the naked mountains of the north, sweltering in summer under the effect of the sun's rays on bare rock and soil.

The climate of Madrid has been tersely described by its inhabitants as "three months of winter and nine of hell."—Edward D. Jones in North American Review.

A Dewey Rebuke.

Many years ago the Rev. Jedediah Dewey, an ancestor of Admiral Dewey, was holding services in honor of the victory at Bennington, and, as was right and proper, was giving Providence all the credit for the triumph of the American arms. Ethan Allen, who was present, chafed under this neglect of his own part in the battle, and, rising in his pew in the very middle of the "long prayer," as it is called, said, "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey!"

The clergyman stopped and opened his eyes. The intrepid Allen went on, "Please mention to the Lord about my being there."

Not daunted by this outrageous interruption, the holy man thundered, "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God."—New York Tribune.

Screen Doors.

Screen doors, such as are used to keep out flies and other insects, are made almost wholly by machinery. They can be bought in various sizes in stores, like any other merchandise, and they are sold so cheap that they are now more commonly used than ever. Like many other articles used in summer, screen doors are made in winter in factories that may be occupied in summer in the production of snow shovels. Screen doors are shipped from the factories to large wholesale buyers in carload lots. The wholesale trade in them begins in April and ends about the 1st of July, the retail distribution continuing later. Screen doors are sold everywhere in this country and they are also exported.—New York Sun.

Above Sea Level.

The height of various cities in the United States above the sea level is as follows: New Orleans, 10 feet; New York, 23 feet; St. Louis, 470 feet; Cincinnati, 570 feet; Chicago, 591 feet; Omaha, 968 feet; Salt Lake, 4,351 feet; Denver, 5,267 feet; Virginia City, 6,505 feet.

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FLAGS ON WARSHIPS.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN DURING A NAVAL BATTLE.

No Matter How Badly Battered a Vessel May Be the Enemy Will Continue Firing Upon It Until the Colors Are Hauled Down or She Is Destroyed.

A story is told of a cabin boy on board a man-of-war who by his action in pulling down the enemy's flag during a battle gained a victory for his commander. The story illustrates the value of the national flag in a naval action and how much depends upon the sailors seeing it flying from the masthead above them. It was just at the beginning of a battle between two ships that the cabin boy, who had never been in a fight, asked one of the sailors how long it would take the enemy to surrender and what his own ship would have to do to beat the other.

"Do you see that?" asked the sailor, pointing to the flag which was flying from the masthead of the other ship. "As long as that is flying the other fellows will fight, but when it comes down they will stop and their ship will surrender."

The cabin boy was too small to fight, but he made up his mind to get the flag for his captain. During the battle when the ships were lashed together he crawled on board the enemy's vessel and while the sailors were busy fighting climbed the rope ladder which ran up the mast, and, pulling the flag from its place, wrapped it around his body and carried it back to his own ship. The sailors were fighting bravely until one, looking up and seeing that the flag was gone, cried out to his companions that the captain had pulled down the flag and there was no use fighting longer. The men threw down their arms, and the mistake was not discovered until it was too late, for the cabin boy's comrades had seized the ship.

The flag of his country is what every sailor and soldier throughout the world fights for during a battle. When the flag is gone, they lose heart and give up easily. Some of the bravest deeds have been in defense of the flag and to get it back again when the enemy has captured it. When a ship goes into battle, the national flag is run up to the masthead, the highest point on the vessel, where it flies until the engagement is over. Sometimes when the other ship is the stronger or its sailors fight better and the captain sees that he is beaten he pulls down his flag to show the enemy that he has had enough and wants to surrender. This act is called "striking the colors." It is a usual thing to run up a white flag in the place of the one which has been hauled down, but often the simple act of striking the colors is enough to end a battle. So long as the captain of a ship sees any flag except a white one flying from the enemy's vessel he will continue to fire upon it, for it is a sign that the sailors have not given up and are ready to fight longer.

Sometimes during a naval battle the ropes which hold the flag are shot away, but in such cases there are always some brave sailors who will climb the mast and put another in its place. During the Revolutionary war, when the ship commanded by Paul Jones was fighting an English vessel, the American flag was shot away and fell overboard into the water. One of the sailors who saw it fall jumped after it, and, although he was wounded, swam with it back to the ship, when it was fastened to the top of the mast again. When the flag went overboard, the Englishmen began to cheer, for they thought that Paul Jones had surrendered, but when they saw it flying from the masthead once more they changed their minds and finally surrendered themselves. The action of the wounded sailor in jumping into the water to rescue the flag made his companions fight all the harder.

Every one who has read American history knows about the battle of Lake Erie and of how Commodore Perry carried the flag from his sinking ship and hoisted it upon another. When the English captain saw Perry going in a rowboat from the sinking ship with the flag thrown over his shoulder, he ordered his sailors to sink the boat so that the flag couldn't be hoisted at the masthead of another American vessel. He knew that if the American sailors saw that their flag was lost they would lose heart and surrender, and, as he expected, when they saw the flag flying again they worked harder and finally beat his ships.

A ship going into action carries several flags—the national colors, which are hoisted in the most prominent place; the union jack, the pennant, which is a long, narrow streamer flying from the masthead, and a set of signal flags, which are used to send messages from one ship to another. When a squadron of vessels under an admiral goes into a fight, the flagship flies besides the other flags mentioned one which denotes the rank of that officer. In the old days, when war vessels were made of wood and had three masts, most of the flags were hoisted to the top of these masts. Nowadays, however, many of our fighting ships have only one mast, and several flags may be hoisted upon that, but the stars and stripes are always at the top.

When the squadron is waiting for the enemy's ships and they are sighted, the signal "Prepare for action" is run up on the flagship. During all the naval wars it has been the custom for the captains of naval vessels to have on board the flags of other countries besides their own, and frequently one of these flags is used to advantage. During one of the long naval wars between England and some of the other European countries the captain of a small English war vessel sighted several big French men-of-war, which, did they attack him, would have either sunk or captured his vessel. France and Spain were fighting against England, so he made haste to pull down the British flag and run up in its stead a Spanish one. When the Frenchmen saw the latter flag, they did not bother with the little vessel and the Englishman escaped.

During the war of 1812 an English captain made himself a great deal of trouble through fear that some of the sailors on board his ship might pull down his flag before he had beaten the enemy. Just before the battle he ordered a sailor to climb to the top of the mast and nail the flag there. The American ship proved the better, and before long the Englishman wanted to surrender, but when he wished to pull down his flag he couldn't. The sailors were busy fighting, so the captain himself had to climb the mast and tear down the British ensign.

There have been instances where the commander of a ship nailed his flag to the mast and left it flying there until the vessel sank. The last object which appeared above the water was the colors, and even the victorious enemy cheered the sinking flag.—New York Sun.

Cigarette smokers will be interested to learn that a criminal guillotined at Lisle contrived to keep his papelito going until his head rolled into the basket!

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And, dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

DIFFUSED ILLUMINATION.

The Plan Used In the Library of Columbia University.

There has been ever since the world emerged from the dim light of the tallow dip a desire for more and more brilliant illumination, without color, without shadows and yet with abundance of light. This light for best effects should come from as many directions above the line of sight as possible. In interior illumination the floors and side walls should therefore be dark, the ceiling as light as possible and the illumination should come from as many sources as practicable. If one direction only is available, then the opposite wall should be kept light to give reflection. Few people realize that a "dead white" surface reflects about 80 per cent of the light which falls upon it, and, therefore, that a white wall or ceiling is an excellent reflector, and, in fact, absorbs much less light than does any transmissive diffusion apparatus, such as ground glass globes, etc., which often absorb 40 to 60 per cent of the light impinging upon them.

A desire for diffused illumination for bringing out the architectural effects of the new Columbia University library led to the following design for this purpose: A white opaque sphere 7 feet in diameter was suspended from the middle of the dome, 85 feet above the floor, by one-quarter inch steel rope, the latter being entirely invisible from below. To all appearances the sphere floats in the air. The globe is a framework of wood covered with veneering and coated with a white matt surface wash, its general appearance being that of a ground glass surface. This is illuminated to an intrinsic brilliancy of from 75 to 200 foot candles by rays from eight Colt projection lanterns placed in eight equidistant corners of the four upper balconies.

These lights are boxed in so that only the projecting lens is visible. Each of them throws a disk of light 6 feet 6 inches in diameter upon the sphere. The eight disks overlap so that the whole sphere seems to glow with a pale, diffused light. The effect is beautiful in the extreme. The surface seems translucent, and the light seems to come from a certain depth within and to bathe the whole globe with a warm light. As the globe floats below the ceiling it is difficult to locate it. Whether it is near by or a moon in the clear sky miles away is left to the imagination. This is not intended as a light by which to read, the tables all having reading lamps, but it is possible to read with considerable ease on the floor of the reading room by the light of the sphere alone.

A crude test gives the approximate candle power as about 500, but the light is so white and so agreeable that it gives one the impression of greater power. The eight lamps take about 150 amperes, the whole lighting of the main reading room taking about 800 amperes, while the central room of the Congressional library at Washington, about 10 per cent larger, requires nearly 900 amperes.—Progressive Age.

How High Is Your Chair?

Some curious experiments have been made by a Harvard professor to prove what is really the best height for the chair you sit on and the desk you write at. Every person, it appears, ought to have a chair specially made to suit his or her height, and the seat of the chair should be exactly one-quarter of your height from the floor. Thus if you are 6 feet high the chair seat should be 18 inches. The width of the seat should exactly equal its height, and it should slope backward three-quarters of an inch to the foot. The back should be a trifle higher than the seat and sloped slightly, not too much.

Finally your desk should be two-thirds as high again as the seat of your chair. Thus if your chair seat is 24 inches the desk should be 40 inches in height. When you have attended to all these little details, you can sit and write all day without feeling that backache that comes from chairs and desks that don't fit you.—Boston Traveler.

Unprofitable Counterfeiting.

Dishonest people work harder for smaller profit than honest ones. The secret service has discovered that counterfeit 1 cent pieces are being made. When the old copper cents were in use, they were about the same value in weight as the metal itself, but copper has grown cheaper, and the cent of today is only one-third of the old fashioned one. A man or woman working very hard can turn out about 500 of these cents in one day. Besides the cost of the metal is the cost of the mold and of the chemicals used in finishing them; the entire amount being about one-quarter of the face value. Upon this statement the counterfeiter would clear only $3 75 a day, but the trouble in "shoving the queer," as they call passing the counterfeit, is extremely great, so that the malefactor is usually obliged to get two or three assistants to help him. This would reduce the pay to about 80 cents a piece for a hard day's work.—New York Mail and Express.

A Mountain of Gold.

The most famous and most puzzling of all gold mines is Mount Morgan. It is supposed to be the product of a hot water spring and is simply a mountain of gold, [illegible] of gold that has already been treated by nature. In some faroff age the hill has been a huge natural crucible and all the gold it contains has been already mined, electrically dissolved and precipitated by nature herself. All the gold ever discovered in the mountain exists in a sort of golden flour diffused through ironstone.—London Answers.

She Cut His Hair.

"Sammy," said Delilah determinedly, "hereafter I intend to cut your hair myself. You give up altogether too much to that Dutch barber!"

Samson's subsequent appearance, amid the ridicule of the Philistines, brought down the house.—Phil. Times.

Whales' Ages.

The age of whales is ascertained by the size and number of laminae of the whalebone [illegible] from these indications.

FATE OF THE FRENCH EXILES.

Napoleonic Followers Who Came to This Country After Waterloo.

In passing through Alabama the attention of the traveler is diverted to the remnants of a deserted village of rotted wooden huts in the suburbs of the present town of Demopolis, about midway between Selma and Meridian, Miss. Only a few of the log cabins remain; others have rotted to their foundations, but there are enough to show the traces of a village where lived aristocratic French nobles who sought safety in this wilderness after the restoration. After Waterloo and the hundred days a number of the followers of Napoleon fled to Philadelphia and subsequently obtained a grant of land in the Alabama wilderness. They located a village and called it Demopolis, signifying "city of the people." They named the district Marengo, and the county still bears that name; also the new American town near the "French village" still bears the name of Demopolis. Some of these exiles were of the most distinguished names in France at that period.

Count Lefebvre Desnettes was a lieutenant general, had fought in the war of La Vendee, taking the command which the young Napoleon had refused and afterward gained distinction in the Napoleonic campaigns. He was the wealthiest man in the colony and at intervals received remittances from France. The source was never known to the colonists. He had a large orchard and vineyard and lived as royally as one can in a wilderness. Another, Colonel Nicholas Raoule, was with Napoleon at Elba and commanded the advance guard when he marched into France at the beginning of the hundred days. At Demopolis Colonel Raoule kept a ferry, himself plying the oars. It was remarked by the rough backwoodsmen that the "French ferryman" had "fine features" and must have been "a great man somewhere." In this land of liberty they had only a vague idea of the meaning of "political exile."

General Count Bertrand Clausel, a follower of Napoleon, was another colonist who, feeling rather lonesome in the wilderness, went to the larger town of Mobile, where he followed gardening. He drove his market wagon into town and himself sold the vegetables with the "greatest courtesy," according to the local chroniclers. He afterward returned to France and was created marshal of Algeria.

General J. J. Cluis was another of the exiles. He fought under Napoleon in Spain, and to him was given the custody of the royal person of Ferdinand VII, who was dethroned to make room for Napoleon's brother, Joseph.

These exiles were not successful farmers. They lived in poverty until such times as political changes permitted their return to France. The nobles finally returned and the others abandoned their grant, some returning to Philadelphia and others going to New Orleans, where their descendants live in the Latin quarter.—Philadelphia Times.

Gunpowder.

The explosion of gunpowder is divided into three distinct stages, called the ignition, inflammation and combustion. The ignition is the setting on fire of the first grain, while the inflammation is the spreading of the flame over the surface of the powder from the point of ignition. Combustion is the burning up of each grain. The value of gunpowder is due to the fact that when subjected to sufficient heat it becomes a gas which expands with frightful rapidity. The so called explosion that takes place when a match is touched to gunpowder is merely a chemical change, during which there is a sudden evolution of gases from the original solid.

It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times, or fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in a solid form. When this chemical change takes place in a closed vessel, the expansion may be made to do a work like that of forcing a projectile along the bore of the great gun or test tube in the line of least resistance.—New York World.

Sagan and the Kaiser.

It is related of the late Duke de Sagan, who was almost as much German as French, though he despised the idea of being "German," that on more than one occasion he was referred to by the young emperor in regard to points of etiquette. On one occasion when William wished to introduce certain French manners into his receptions he consulted the duke and asked him to superintend the new reforms. "I would rather be excused," replied the duke. "If your majesty will look at the shape of my head and at that of this worthy general of yours, for instance, you will see that they cannot contain the same things. Who would think of putting soup in a Sevres vase and flowers in an earthenware tureen?" The emperor turned his back on his dukeship, looking furious, but in a few weeks he came round, when at a grand dinner he said loud enough to be heard by the guests, who looked in amazement: "No, no, duke, it is useless. Do not try to explain. There is no more room in my earthenware tureen."—Baltimore Herald.

Fainting.

Syncope, or fainting, results from an inadequate supply of blood to the brain. The patient's head should therefore be lowered and all tight bands loosened in order to promote free circulation. Let there be a generous supply of fresh air, being careful at the same time to avoid drafts. Friction may be applied to the extremities, always remembering to rub toward, not from, the heart. Cold water dashed over the face will often assist in reviving the patient, and smelling salts are often used as a restorative.

In the case of strong smelling salts one should never hold the bottle for any length of time close to the nostrils of an unconscious person, but pass it to and fro at some little distance from the face. Perhaps the safest way is to hold the cork or stopper of the bottle near the patient's nostrils, as that will answer all purposes and prevent injurious effects.—New York Ledger.

Costly Bluff.

"Madam," said the officer, "I have a warrant for searching these premises for a valuable article of jewelry believed to be stolen by you."

"You have, have you?" she answered defiantly. "Well, you may begin by searching me."

The bluff was a costly one. The officer was a woman in disguise and found the locket at the first dive.—Chicago Tribune.

A Chance.

"But how could you have the heart to hang a man for stealing a $10 horse?" asked the tourist.

"For two reasons," Rubberneck Bill explained. [illegible] to hang him fer, an' he was a [illegible] nobody else handy to hang."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FINDING THE RANGE.

HOW BIG COAST DEFENSE GUNS ARE ACCURATELY AIMED.

The Many Mathematical Problems Involved and the Great Rapidity With Which They Must Be Solved In Locating the Moving Target.

A reporter for the Boston Herald gives this interesting account of a talk with one of the regular army officers at Fort Hamilton, in Boston harbor:

"In the days of the civil war ranges were so very short that the gunner had no difficulty in seeing his target and laying his gun directly upon it. Wind and speed of target cut no figure because the projectile had such a short distance to pass over that neither had enough time to act to make any appreciable difference. But now when firing at a target eight miles away all of these things make themselves felt. There is the rifling in the bore, which gives the projectile the rotation necessary to keep it from tumbling and which will in our service carry the projectile to the right. Then the direction and force of the wind, the direction and speed of target, the temperature and barometric pressure of the air, which affect the resistance of the air to passage of the projectile, the kind of powder and weight of projectile. All these things have to be taken into account, and they each vary under all sorts of conditions, so that they can only be figured out for each particular shot at the time the gun is fired.

"Most of this information must be worked out from data obtained from firing tests and must be thoroughly assimilated by the expert artillerist. Then by taking observations at the time of firing data are obtained from which results can be computed.

"The most important part of the operation is of course to locate the target. The invention which has enabled us to do this is something wholly American—a development of our regular army. This invention is the range finder. It looks a simple affair—a tall modern tower, with a substantial foundation, built on a commanding height and connected with the guns, perhaps half a mile distant, by telephone. At the top is a large telescope, adjusted on a polished steel circular table. A dial on the telescope frame is cogged with the edge of the circular table and gives at any instant the direct reading in azimuth. Another dial is so arranged that elevation or depression of the telescope gives its indicator a corresponding movement. This is like the ordinary transit fitted to read vertical angles, but in this case instead of reading angles of depression distances are indicated in yards to the point where the line of sight pierces the water. An adjustment corrects for height of tide.

"It is only necessary, then, to point our telescope at the water line of the ship and read directly azimuth and distance. These are rapidly transmitted by telephone to the guns and plotted on a piece of drawing paper. Three of those observations, 20 seconds apart, are plotted, and the gun has to be fired 80 seconds after the last observation is taken or at the end of two minutes total time. We have the location of the target at three different times. It is now necessary to compute where it will be at the end of the 80 seconds.

"A vessel running 12 knots an hour will pass over 1,200 feet in one minute or 1,600 feet in 80 seconds, so that if we fired at the point where she was at the last observation we might miss her 1,600 feet or some fraction of that, depending on her direction of sailing with reference to us. If we fired point blank—i. e., aiming right at her, we would miss as much as she would pass over in the time of flight of the projectile. This for a 10,000 yard range might be 20 seconds.

"We have now the position of the target at a given future instant, but it is referred to the position of the range tower. We must now correct our data to refer to the gun's position. Then we are ready to make corrections for drift due to rifling, effect of wind, condition of atmosphere and abnormal powder and projectile. The gun is laid with the resulting data by means of degrees and minutes marked on the traverse circle of the gun platform and elevation arc on the side of the carriage, and we are ready to fire. It is necessary to allow time—called 'time of flight'—for the projectile to reach the target at the end of the 80 seconds, so the guns must be fired that long ahead of time.

"When you consider that all of this work must be done in 80 seconds, you see that one has to count his time by fractions of seconds to work like an automaton. No longer time can be allowed for computations, etc., as uncertainties increase as about the fifth power of the time.

"The aiming of the gun is all science now and needs experts. The firing and loading are the only work which the untrained mind can find work at, and even in these things, you understand, there is need of coolness and experience, for these big fellows are delicate machines, after all, and are worked by levers, have electrical appliances and are in other ways too precious to trust to untrained hands.

"This may not sound so dreadful here in the calm of a peaceful afternoon. But imagine looking up sines and cosines, plotting accurate curves from mathematical data under a hail of projectile, with shells and bombs bursting around you! Fancy placidly sighting your telescope in the range tower, which a well directed shot may cut away from beneath you, and your hand must not tremble, your mind must not be distracted!"

The civilian seemed rather impressed. He could only venture timidly that it did seem as if there were great odds against the ships.

"So there are. But they have advantages too. In the Japanese Chinese war the Japs, being clever, got ahead of the Chinese predictions of their position by running ahead at full speed and then suddenly slacking up so that the Chinese gunners began to grasp that ruse. Then they changed their tactics and would advance slowly at first, then suddenly crowd on all steam and speed away, leaving the gunners far behind."

"Oh! Then you can get around the 'absolute scientific accuracy?'"

The artillery officer laughed. "Yes, but you must remember the Japs were dealing with the Chinese. We know how to [illegible] some that. How? Oh, but that's telling!"

Unappreciative.

"Do you know that an ordinary piano contains about a mile of wire?"

"No. I should rather believe that an ordinary piano contains about a wagon load of tinware."—Chicago News.

Then She Did.

Mrs Lakeside—Garcong, garcong, de—don—don[illegible] Don't you waiters understand English?

Waiter (politely)—Why doesn't madam speak it?—Harper's Bazar.

WONDERFUL MINING TOOLS.

James Bray, an [illegible], Has a [illegible]

What probably [illegible] the handsomest and most [illegible] tools in the city [illegible] the possession of [illegible] expert [illegible] made [illegible] and were [illegible] man he is the [illegible] tion of the [illegible] head to an inordinate and dangerous degree.

The tools are seven in number and consist of three pole picks of the kind used by experts to break off samples of rock and four candlesticks. The eyes and straps of two of the picks are forged from one piece of steel, and the manner in which the wood of the handles is worked into the straps is quite a puzzle. Particularly is this the case with one of the picks, which has four straps and shows the same number of apparent divisions in the handle. One mining man after carefully examining the tool gave it as his opinion that the wood was simply inlaid. The prompt offer of Mr. Bray to bet $50 that only one piece of wood constituted the handle and the straps were forged around and his willingness to allow the tool to be cut to pieces in proof of his assertion caused the other man to change his mind, and he declined to bet.

As much ingenuity as is displayed in the manufacture of the picks, it is completely overshadowed by that manifested in the composition of the candlesticks. One of them is made so that it can be taken apart and fits into the end of the handle of one of the picks. Another has a regular pistol grip in place of the ordinary loop or ring and can be closed up something after the manner of a clasp knife. A cover working with a spring fits over the socket into which the candle is inserted and is so arranged that as soon as the candle is consumed even with the top of the socket the cover flies forward and extinguishes the candle.

In addition Mr. Bray has still another folding candlestick made to be carried in the pocket. It is so arranged that either the hook or spike can be used, or both can be folded back and the stick carried in the hand. Still another stick, which is covered by a patent, has a knife attachment connected with the hook for cutting fuse, an arrangement for splitting the fuse and ripping open the paper that covers giant powder, in case it is found necessary to crowd it into a small hole, and also an appliance for crimping the cap. This stick is also provided with the automatic extinguisher.

So far as novelty is concerned the gem of the collection perhaps is a folding stick with a horn handle and is called "the puzzler." A puzzler it is indeed, for as yet nobody has been found able to open it, although, according to Mr. Bray, fully 9,000 people have attempted the feat. Two miniature copies of the first mentioned folding stick complete the collection. One of them when closed is less than one inch in length and can be worn as a watch charm, while the other is a trifle larger and heavier.—Anaconda Standard.

The Way to Dock a Catboat.

Making a dock will not be simple, on account of the necessity of killing the greater part of the boat's way before touching the dock. In general this is done by approaching at an acute angle to the line you purpose to make the dock on and rounding up abruptly by putting the rudder hard over and letting the sheet run to spill the wind out of the sail. This abrupt turn serves to kill nearly all the headway and should leave only enough for the boat to carry up to the dock. The remaining headway is checked by going up in the bow and "fending off."

The abruptness of the turn and the amount of room allowed for rounding up will vary according to the wind and can only be acquired by practice. At first there will be just as much liability of your killing the headway too soon and having to get an oar out to pole up as there is of not killing it sufficiently. In the latter case, if you see the boat after rounding up has too much momentum for you to check easily by standing in the bow, drop the centerboard and weigh on it. The dragging of the board on the bottom will form a most effective brake.—Harper's Round Table.

The Feet of Beauty.

She was an immigrant, sitting on a bench in the Barge Office eating a large semicircular section of pie, but she was a study for a painter. Small, slender, with the metallic brown tint which the Italian sun had burned into her peasant face and hands, she was dressed in a combination of cornflower blue, the color of her eyes, and rose pink. Her gown was blue with a rose colored handkerchief about the shoulders, and another figured in pink and blue twisted around her head. The delicate yet bright color set off her brown skin and her eyes to perfection. She was really charming—unless you happened to glance at her feet.

From under the edge of her cornflower skirt appeared frankly a pair of brogans that would have done no discredit to a 6 foot Irishman. They were men's boots, such as many of the Italian peasant women wear—and, all the same, the fair creature who wore them was certainly less than 5 feet high.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Grimm and Women Students.

The well known historian of art, Professor Hermann Grimm of the University of Berlin, explains why he refuses to admit women to his lectures. He says that during the 25 years that he has been lecturing to students he has grown into a certain method of presenting things. But when he saw women among his listeners he was embarrassed. He often has to put things in a different way and could not speak freely, as he formerly did. If he were younger, he would try to adapt himself to the changed conditions, but for the comparatively few years of active work that still remain to him he does not think it worth while. And then he cannot see of how much help it has been to young women students who have come to [illegible].

A Good Job Coming.

Jeweler—How was your boy pleased with the watch I sold you?

Proud Father—Very well, sir. He isn't ready to have it put together yet. [illegible] I'll send him around with it in a day or two.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The longest lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day. The stomach has more vigor in the morning than at any time.

[illegible] try are produced in [illegible] annually in this country.

INANIMATE THINGS.

Theory That They Have an Unpleasant Sense of Humor.

We have read and talked about the total depravity of inanimate things, but the sense of humor in inanimate things has not been written of as it ought to be. There can be little doubt that inanimate things, especially if they are small and elusive, possess a strong sense of humor.

For instance, a man had in his desk one of those curving things with a handle in which sheets of blotting paper are held. It was convenient as long as it could be prevented from getting snowed under on his desk. One day the man missed the pad when he was writing and wanted it. He had a cleared space occupying the center of his desk, and all around this space was a litter of papers, letters and things. Naturally he supposed that the pad had got under these things. He searched among the papers, but took care not to get any of them upon the cleared space in the center. He searched over the whole lot, and it occurred to him that this was a good time to put his desk in order. He cleared up and sorted out all the things and put them in pigeonholes or within bands and made his desk spick and span, but no trace of the pad could be discovered.

He was discouraged, and as it was near lunchtime he locked up his desk and went out to lunch. When he came back, he opened the desk, and there, exactly in the middle of the desk, on the very spot which his paper had occupied when he was writing, was that pad, simply glaring at him. It seemed to wear an expression that was positively malicious. The man was forced to conclude that the pad had a strong sense of humor, with a tendency to practical joking, and that it had concealed itself in some corner of the desk when he was searching and while he was gone had whipped itself out into the most conspicuous spot on the desk as a way of laughing at him. Of course it wasn't possible that he could have absentmindedly dislodged it while he was looking over the papers and gone off and left it there.

Lately the same man had a slender little pencil about two inches long. It was a very amiable little pencil, of pleasing manners and suave movements, and the man used to hold it between his forefinger and his middle finger and direct it with his thumb while he was scrawling memoranda or doing other things which required a pencil. He kept it in a waistcoat pocket. One day the pencil turned up missing. He wanted it and wanted no other pencil. He searched all his pockets several times over and looked all over his desk and shelves and even searched the floor. No trace of it.

He sat down to write with a long, uncongenial pencil. It seemed to balk and mock him, and he said to himself, "Oh, Lord, I wish that little pencil would appear!" And at that very moment it dropped upon his paper as if from the sky, but really from over his right ear, where it had humorously concealed itself. Though, of course, the humor came in the reappearance rather than the disappearance, articles without a grain of humor in them may conceal themselves behind one's ear, especially if the ear offers ample opportunity for such concealment, but to flip out just at the psychological moment—that takes real humor.—Boston Transcript.

GORDON AND POLYGAMY.

No Conversion of Africa Possible if Monogamy Is Required.

A particularly interesting reminiscence of General Gordon was given recently at the Shoreditch town hall by the archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over a meeting convened in the interest of the universities mission to central Africa. Very shortly before starting for Khartum, in 1884, Gordon came to Dr. Temple to consult him on three problems, the first of which was whether as a mere layman he would be justified in endeavoring to convert the natives and even to baptize them. To that the archbishop answered certainly—every Christian was at liberty alike to preach and to baptize.

Gordon then propounded a plan he had for buying slaves a thousand at a time, drilling them thoroughly, and perhaps making 10 per cent good soldiers, giving freedom ultimately to all, and asked whether slave buying could ever be justifiable. Again the archbishop could reassure his scruples and point out that if purchased with a view to giving them liberty the act would be compatible with the highest Christianity. The ultimate difficulty, however, was polygamy. Gordon explaining that a man had rarely less than four wives, as this number sufficed to maintain him, and asking whether Christian tenets could possibly sanction a limited plurality of wives. But on this Dr. Temple admitted he could give no justifying permission whatever, and to establish a pseudo religion without so elementary a principle of morality would be highly reprehensible. "Then," said Gordon, "Africa is a hopeless question, even if one wife is made an essential of it."—London Telegraph.

The Heat of the Sun.

It is impossible except by illustration and comparison to grasp the idea of the heat of the sun. According to calculations, based upon the energy of the sun's rays on the earth, the temperature at its surface is computed at about 1[illegible],000 degrees F. No artificial temperature of this degree can be created by any known means. Efforts have been made to collect and utilize the tremendous heat power of the sun, but cloudiness, mist and darkness have prevented anything like marked success. At the Columbian exposition an apparatus was shown, consisting of a reflector and proper attachments, which utilized the heat of the sun to such an effect that a two horsepower engine was run by it. It is proposed to try experimenting with reflectors in countries where the sky is free of cloudiness and the sun shines almost uninterruptedly nearly every day in the year.—New York Ledger.

Cast Offs Rarely Seen In the Street.

"I've seen old shoes in the street," said Mr. Glimby, "plenty of them, and wrecked umbrellas and old hats and cast off coats and various other articles of wear, but never until today, and I've lived some years, did I see a pair of suspenders lying in the street, and this was only such a pair, by the way. I notice things habitually. It's a part of my business to see things. But I never before saw a pair of suspenders in the street, and I'll bet you $1,000 you never did."—New York Sun.

Diamonds may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink, and orange, but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies and garnets of that color.

[illegible] all farmers of Hawaii are giving greater attention to rice, which yields two crops a year.

GREAT DAY FOR OLYMPIA.

When the First Train Started Over a Railway Built by the Natives.

Probably the cheapest railroad in the world was built in Oregon in 1872. During the preceding year the Northern Pacific Railroad company surveyed the line between Portland and Olympia, terminating at the latter place, but only for a short time. Then it was moved away to Tacoma, 35 miles farther north.

At that the people of Olympia arose in indignation, called a meeting, and after vigorously discussing ways and means resolved that, although the railroad had been both given and taken away, they were not bound to submit as unto the Lord, but would build one for themselves and build it with voluntary subscriptions of labor and material.

One bright morning in April the Olympia brass band halted at the corner of Main and Fourth streets. Charley Granger's bay mule Betty fell in behind. Then came the officials of both city and county, led by the governor and followed by the citizens, until the whole procession was half a mile in length. They marched to a high bluff above the capitol building, and there the mayor of the city and the governor both made speeches, and a prayer was offered. The first sod was turned, and the grading of the road began in earnest. One day in every week was set apart as field day, when the city and county officials came out as at first, the merchants closed their stores, and mechanics shut their shops, and young men and old men, boys and Indians plied the spade with hearty will, while the women spread the tables with all things needed for a midday feast.

Week after week the work went on, and the road stretched out past the timber skirting the upper end of Puget sound, past the falls of Tumwater, between the Indian mounds of Mound Prairie, through half a mile of timber to Bush Prairie, more timber, more prairie, across wide and shallow Scatter creek, 16 miles to Tenino.

Then the ties were made and laid and not a dollar had yet been asked for. But the time had come to buy the rolling stock, and subscriptions came pouring in until everything was bought and ready.

What a day it was in the history of Olympia when the first train was started over the hard earned little railroad! Open cars were hung with evergreen, and again the people all came out, with music and rejoicing, this time to ride and not to work.

Many of the old soldiers who labored faithfully to build that little road, among them General Milroy, who was known all through the civil war as Gray Eagle, have crossed the silent river, but the road they built is still in use, and old settlers point to it with pride, the road the hardy pioneers made with their own hands, the cheapest railroad in the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DIED OF GRIEF.

A Horse That Could Not Stand the Pangs of Separation.

"Speaking of the emotional life of a horse," said an old trainer who had been listening to a story about an animal's death that was directly traced to grief, "I recall one remarkable instance of sorrow shown by a horse belonging to a circus with which I was traveling three years ago. We were performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trick horses fell and sprained one of his legs so badly that he could not travel. He was taken to a livery stable and put in a box stall, the leg was bandaged and he was made as comfortable as possible.

"He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and tramped and whinnied. As the caravans moved past the stable he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush as best he could with his injured leg from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

"Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him, and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stableman went to his employer's house, woke him up and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor of the stable mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook us 10 or 12 miles away, and as I had charge of all the horses and was much attached to the injured animal I returned with him. When we reached the stall, the horse was dead.

"The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then without making a sign fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was called remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief."—Washington Star.

The Dear Creature.

Of course they were dear friends.

"Did he kiss you when he proposed?" asked the one in pink.

"No o, I believe not," answered the one in blue.

"You were too quick for him, I suppose," suggested the one in pink, "but really I think you made a mistake. It is better to let the man initiate anything of that sort."

It is hardly necessary to explain why they are no longer dear friends.—Chicago Post.

A Born Mathematician.

"Dickey doesn't know his letters well," explained his mother to the new teacher, "but he's quick in learning figures."

"What is this, dear?" asked the teacher, pointing to the letter B.

"Dat's a 13 jammed togedder," promptly responded Dickey.—Chicago Tribune.

Nature's Compensations.

"Tell me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily."

"Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the smart ones. All those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones."—Chicago Record.

Many barrels of sawdust are shipped from Bowdoinham, Me., every day. It is used to cover the floors of express cars in which fish are shipped, the sawdust absorbing the wet and moisture coming from the fish and ice with which they are packed.

The P[illegible] ing chickens by artificial means a century and a half ago, though they knew nothing of the modern incubator.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH

AND

PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1901.

The queen is at rest. May she rest in peace.

Mrs Nation is coming east. She may leave her hatchett in the west but she can't leave her face.

If Delegate Robert W. Wilcox of Hawaii is the friend of Aguinaldo he should be expelled, not only from the house but from the country, without apologies

The public don't seem to take much stock in Tesla's new and mysterious illuminant. What the public wants is the old light with a wire to it at a cheaper figure.

The flag on the city hall of Portsmouth, New Hampshire was half mast on Saturday as well as the flag on the city hall of Portsmouth, England. And it is a long way from Portsmouth to Portsmouth, too

The *Herald* is not alone in its opinion of Mrs. Nation's fighting "mug." Here is the gentle Chatterer of the Boston Herald saying that "the newspaper portrait of Mrs. Nation looks it. I, for one, should not care to meet her by moonlight alone."

A mouse club has been formed in Chicago, as a rival to the cat club, for the promotion of mice as pets for ladies. An organization that should follow this latest piece of Chicago foolishness should be a society for the suppression of the mouse club. Turn loose the cats.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire yesterday called the senate's attention to the enormous amount of special pension legislation that comes before congress. He estimated there had been no less than 3000 of these bills that the senate pension committee had been asked to take up during the present congress One senator alone had introduced 162 bills, and another 145 Even as large as are these figures, Senator Gallinger predicted that they would be doubled in the fifty-seventh congress. The trouble is that pension attorneys have been advising their clients that it is easier to get a pension by congressional action than through the regular channels of the pension bureau. We heartily agree with Senator Gallinger that "there should be concerted effort to prevent such action."—Boston Herald.

The prosperity of Porto Rico is told in a letter from Gov. Allen to Secretary Long, in which letter the governor of the island says:

"The anti American sentiment which was prevalent at the beginning of the civil government, has entirely disappeared and the masses of the people were never more contented. More are employed than ever before and at better wages; indeed, there is a scarcity of labor in certain sections, and contractors complain that they are unable to secure sufficient help, although they are paying 50 cents in gold, where ten months ago they paid 30 cents in pesetas. The crops are abnormally large and of excellent quality.

"Our customs receipts are constantly increasing, as well as the internal revenue collections. All our bills are promptly paid, we have always a surplus in the treasury, and we shall finish the fiscal year, which expires June 3 , entirely within our budget allowance. Civil government in Porto Rico has not cost the people of the United States one penny.

"The island is rich, and is sure to prove a valuable asset of the United States As to 'destitution' and 'starvation' in Porto Rico, they do not exist, and with the abundant crops and plenty of labor at hand, if there should be a case of starvation here, it might properly be called a case of suicide."

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

Has world wide fame for marvellous cures It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm, for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils Sores Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum Fever Sores Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infallible for Piles Cure guaranteed, Only 25c at the Globe Grocery Co.

ONE VOTE

FOR

Name ....

The Herald's Prize Contest

To the Two Most Popular Boys or Girls of Kittery, Maine.

When filled out send to VOTING DEPARTMENT, PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

MISS BICKFORD LEADS.

She Jumps Ahead of the Boys in the Kittery Voting Contest Today.

Miss Sadie Bickfords leads in the Kittery voting contest today, having jumped from fourth place on Saturday. Edgar Emery is a new name added today, with a substantial number of votes or a starter

The *Herald* leads in live Kittery news and is a great favorite in the town

The list at noon today stood as follows:

Miss Sadie Bickford,	80
Willie P Emery,	77
Edgar Emery,	76
Walter Donnell,	63
Elroy A. Walker.	61
Willard E. Locke,	57
Miss Beatrice Goodwin,	10
Miss Cora Milliken,	9
Miss Mattie Williams	9
Herman Foulter,	8
Myron Sumner,	5
Arthur S. Lane,	5
Howard Remick	5
Ned Shapleigh,	3
Minnie B Eldridge	2

Conditions.

All that is necessary to enter is for the boy or girl to fill out the ballot which will be found on page four of each issue and send them to the Voting Department of the Portsmouth *Herald*. There is no limit to the number of times that one can vote.

The Prizes.

To the boy or girl receiving the largest number of votes up to April 2nd at 8 p m., will receive a modern 1901 bicycle.

To the one receiving the second largest number a gold watch and chain to be selected from one of the jewelry stores in Portsmouth. The prizes will be first class in every particular.

Let every boy and girl in Kittery enter the friendly contest and induce their friends to support them The votes will be counted by a friend of each one of the participants and the gifts will be placed on exhibition in Kittery at an early date.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The New Hampshire annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will meet in the Littleton church, beginning Thursday, April 18th, and continuing until Tuesday, April 23d.

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald of St. Louis will preside and will preach on Sunday morning, April 21st. Among the speakers in attendance will be the following: M O. B. Mason, D D., of Cincinnati, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid society; W. F. McDowell, D. D., of New York, secretary of the board of education; D. M. Mills, D D, of New York, secretary of the Twentieth Century commission; J. M. King, D. D., of Philadelphia, secretary of the Church Extension society, and A. B. Leonard, D D. of New York, secretary of the Missionary society

Miss M. Croucher, a returned missionary from China, will speak on Saturday afternoon, April 20th, recounting experiences during the Boxer outbreak Other features of the programme are being arranged and will shortly be announced.

NAVAL VESSELS' MOVEMENTS

The battleship Alabama has joined the North Atlantic squadron and sailed from Tampa Bay for the Gulf of Florida.

The Ajax has arrived at Malta

The training ship Buffalo has left Suez for Colombo.

The Prairie has left the New York yard for Baltimore.

The gunboat Nashville has arrived at Cavite.

The torpedo boat Foote has sailed from Newport for New London.

The Annapolis, Frolic, Wompatuck and Piscataqua comprising the mosquito fleet, arrived at Algiers Saturday from Teneriffe, Grand Canaries

The battle ship Wisconsin will go into commission today and join the North Pacific squadron Captain Reiter will command, Lieutenant Commander Mayo, navigator.

The torpedo boat Bagley, from the Bath Iron works, made a trip to Portland, Me , Saturday The boat behaved well and made excellent time.

STATE NEWS.

The debt of Coos county was reduced $6000 last year.

The Littleton clothing firm of Lane and Bailey, dissolved.

A scarcity of woodchoppers in the north country is reported.

Nineteen cents a pound was recently offered for wool in Plainfield

A car load of apples for the Liverpool market was recently secured in Bartlett

Whooping cough is epidemic in Lebanon. Nine cases are reported in one family.

Oliver Carter, ninety years of age, died suddenly in his home in Amherst, recently.

The Episcopal church in Milford has a newly organized vested choir of men and boys.

The steam gong attached to the Rochester fire alarm system absolutely refuses to work.

The Sullivan County Musical association will hold its annual festival in Newport the third week in August.

Hon. Henry Stearns, deputy secretary of state, has been invited to deliver the Memorial day address in Lebanon.

The Consolidated Home Co., of Andover and Sunapee has formed a union with the United Home Co. of Buffalo.

The Hospital Aid society in Franklin has received a gift of fifty dollars from a person whose name is not made public

George Follansbee of Bridgewater has trapped and shot seventeen foxes, five minks and two skunks the past fall and winter.

It is reported that the patrons of the milk car in Briston have been notified that there is to be a cut down of two cents per can.

The *Herald* contains all the latest news. Give it a trial.

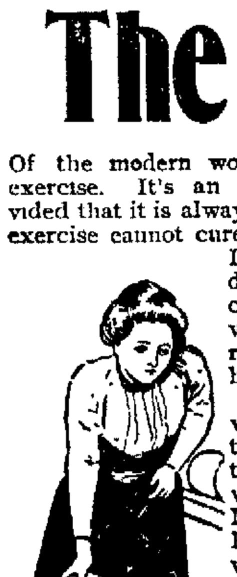
KIND WORDS FOR PORTSMOUTH

The Very Rev. Eugene M O'Callaghan, formerly of Portsmouth, preached his first sermon in Concord Sunday as pastor of St John's church. The morning and afternoon services were very largely attended The Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan was eloquent in his remarks and eulogized the late pastor, the Very Rev. John E Barry.

The new pastor read his letter of appointment to the congregation and pointed out his reasons for leaving his pastorate at Portsmouth. He spoke in high praise of the flock to which he has administered, spiritually, at Old Strawberry Bank and expressed the hope to be able to continue the work in Concord.

The Fad

Of the modern woman is health by exercise. It's an excellent fad, provided that it is always remembered that exercise cannot cure womanly diseases.



Indeed, where such diseases exist exercise is apt to aggravate the condition rather than to help it.

The first step toward establishing the general health is to establish the local womanly health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness When these are cured, backache, headache and nervousness are things of the past. The universal testimony of weak and sickly women, cured by "Favorite Prescription," is this: "It has made me feel like a new woman."

"My wife has used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicine, and I never saw such results," writes A B Haynes, Esq , of Aurora, Lawrence Co , Mo "It was wonderful in its work We had used lots of medicine, also had one of the best physicians in Aurora, but my wife got no better, we heard one pitiful groan after another, day and night A friend handed me a copy of Dr Pierce's book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, and after reading the testimonials of Dr Pierce's successful treatment, and seeing that the cases described were similar to my wife's, I bought for her a bottle of Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription Before she had taken all of the medicine she was up and helping to do the work She has taken three bottles and is now about well Has better health than she has had for years"

Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

ACROSS THE RIVER NEWS

Christian Endeavorers Celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary.

Mrs. Frank Adlington Meets With a Severe Accident Saturday.

Police Court, News in General, and Personal Matters.

The twentieth anniversary of the Christian Endeavor movement in the United States, which a score of years ago was inaugurated in the Christian church at Portland, the Rev. Francis Clark then being pastor of the church there, was fittingly celebrated by the Endeavorers of Kittery on Sunday evening at the Second Christian church There was special music by the choir and solos by Miss Vienna Stimson and Miss Ella Bennett. There were several well written papers by different Endeavorers, one being on the "History of the National Society," by Miss Florence Bowden; "The History of the Local Society," by Mr. F. E. Donnell, and Mrs. Daniel Cook gave a very interesting report of the National convention just closed at Portland. Other papers were read by Miss Nettie Hanscom and Mrs H. Carrie Lane. Owing to illness, Mr S. B. Neal was unable to be present, and Mr. Hall gave a short address. The meeting was well attended and was a special union meeting of the evening services.

The funeral of John Rogers, child of Richard Rogers of Kittery, was held at the home of relatives on High street in Portsmouth at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. E C. Hall of the Second Christian church of Kittery conducted the service in the presence of relatives and friends of the family Interment was in Orchard Grove cemetery by Mr. Ham of Portsmouth

There will be no attempt at this session of the legislature to have the county seat removed from Alfred to Biddeford or Saco, although nine-tenths of the people of York county would like to see the change made. It is fortunate that the Knight murder trial is to be held at Saco and probably every witness is glad that the term fell to that city this year.

Cecil Hamden Cutts Howard of Beebe, Ark , states that he is to publish a Pepperrell genealogy which will include every known descendant of Col William and Margery Bray Pepperrell, who are closely identified with the early history of Kittery Point and early New England.

Rev. E. C. Hall preached a thoughtful and earnest sermon at the Christian church on Sunday morning, taking for his topic, "The Necessity of Witnessing for Christ." The sermon was full of consistent ideas and one was helped by listening to it.

Rev. John Collins, a retired clergyman, but a member of the Maine conference, preached at the Second Methodist church, Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Andrews was able to be at the services, but was unable to preach.

There was a family party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Boulter of Love Lane on Saturday evening. A large number from the families of Mr. and Mrs. Boulter were present and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Frank Adlington fell at her home on Saturday afternoon and fell in such a manner that her wrist was broken. A patch of treacherous ice was the cause of the accident. The fracture was treated by Dr. Shapleigh.

There will be a regular meeting of the local branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at the Rice public library building on Thursday afternoon next at half past two o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L Fernald will arrive home from their wedding tour this week and until their new home is finished, will reside with Mr and Mrs. Simon Fernald.

Constable George W Gibson is very sick at his home, having been attacked by the grip. Mr Gibson's physician says it is one of the worst cases of the disease.

Mrs. Arthur Travers of South Framingham, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Farwell of Dame street

M. W Paul was appointed a justice of the peace, 1897 and has legal authority to execute pension vouchers.

Attorney Edward Hart Safford of Boston is the guest of his parents, Hon and Mrs. Moses A. Safford.

Mr Haven Fernald of Bath, formerly of this place has moved his family to New London, Conn.

Charles Trafothen, one of the oldest merchants of Manchester, and a native of Kittery, died on Sunday, aged 75 years. He leaves a number of relatives in Kittery.

The last stock company organized by the late Frank E. Rowell was the Stevens antique company, Kittery—Capital stock, $100,000; buying, importing, selling and dealing in antique furniture and bric-a-brac of all descriptions. Promoters, C. H. Stevens and H. E. Weston, Boston; F. E. Rowell, Kittery.

John W. Perkins has resigned as a deputy sheriff of York county for the reason that he did not have sufficient time to devote to the position. The people of Kittery would have been pleased to have had him continue in the office.

Two young men were before Judge Neal in police court Saturday afternoon for an alleged disturbance on an electric car, but their cases were continued for ten days.

The doctors in the town are kept busy at the present time on account of the great amount of sickness.

M. W. Paul takes orders for Buttricks' patterns, and also receives subscriptions for the Delineator.

Among those who are absent from work on account of the grippe is Mr Jotham Gerry.

Mr. and Mrs Charles Trafton visited friends in York on Sunday.

Joseph Hussey is restricted to his hotel by sickness.

Clarence Drew is restricted to his home by illness.

Maurice Parker passed Sunday in town.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

Robert Mantell comes this week.

Maurice Barrymore contemplates returning to the vaudeville stage.

Corse Payton has succeeded in accumulating something like $100,000.

One matinee performance of "D'Aiglon" in Boston recently netted $2400.

John L. Sullivan is receiving some very flattering offers to enter vaudeville.

Joseph Jefferson's annual spring tour will begin April 6th in Jacksonville, Fla.

Charles Frohman has signed a contract to star Dan Daly in comedies for a term of years.

"The Old Homestead" is on its 15th annual tour with Denman Thompson as Uncle Joshua.

Uncle Tom's Cabin comes tomorrow evening at Music hall There will be a street parade.

Frankie Carpenter and her husband, Jere Grady, will soon leave for California, where Mr. Grady goes for the benefit of his health.

Camille D'Arville when she was married recently announced her permanent retirement from the stage. She is now singing in varieties.

W. A. Brady, who, in addition to the "Way Down East" company playing at Boston, manages ten road organizations and a New York theatre.

N. C. Goodwin's latest success, "When We Were Twenty One" is soon to be presented on the New England circuit by Edward E Rice, and will be seen at Music hall.

James A. Herne's eldest daughter, Julia, who was seen in this city with her father in "Sag Harbor," is said to be writing a play to be called "The Building of a Woman."

THE PLAYGOER.

Advertise your business through the columns of the HERALD. It pays!

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Positively Cured by a Simple Remedy for a Few Dollars.

Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, effects of over-indulgence, or overwork quickly cured by Old Dr. Hallock's Wonderful Electric Pills. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Nervous Trembling, Tired out, Discouraged, Specks before the Eyes, Dizziness, rush of blood to the head, Weak Nerves. Thin Blood, pale, haggard countenance, Fluttering Heart and all, Nervous troubles cured by Dr. Hallock's Wonderful Electric Pills for weak, worn-out, nervous people. Try them; they cure after all else fails. The very medicine you have been looking for. $1 per box, or 6 boxes, sufficient to cure most obstinate cases, $5 Sold at drug stores and by Wm. D. Grace, 14 Market Square, Portsmouth, N. H., or sent from laboratory, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

FREE TREATMENT.

To prove the merits of our remedies we will send by mail a five days' treatment, with medical advice, free of charge, on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and expenses. Send for a trial treatment today. Address HALLOCK DRUG CO., 110 Court st., Boston, Mass.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles E. Oliver, P. C.; Willis B. Mathes, N. C.; Robert M Herrick, V. C.; Frank E. Abbott, H. P.; William H. Hempshire, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August and Fourth Tuesday of December

Officers—... W. Priest, E. R , H. B ... , ... E R Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, F. S.; J W. Marden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas Harrold, Elan.; Joseph Walsh, I. P. Wm. P Gardner, O P.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—George W. French, N. G.; A G. Stimpson, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec ; Edwin B. Prime, Treas. Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

COPPER IS KING

A SAFE INVESTMENT AND A SURE FORTUNE

can be made buying Copper Shares ... at the present price of 15 cts per share. You can realize at least

$100 FOR EVERY $10 YOU INVEST

The Copper Cliff Mi... ...owns 4 Copper mines in Kern Co., Calif. Ore Assays per ton $50 Copper, $17 Gold ... ... wide Ore ... surface down, is rich enough to pay all mining, transportation ... smelting charges ... handsome profit Dividends can be earned and ... operating ... or other expensive plant Experts report ... ... paid and non-assessable. $1.00 per share. ... enough to develop and ... are out from the mines and now after a limited amount of ... short time.

$15 BUYS 100 SHARES
$25 BUYS 170 SHARES
$50 BUYS 350 SHARES
$100 BUYS 800 SHARES

We are so confident that stock will go at par that we guarantee that after twelve months from date you cannot buy a share of this stock from the Copper Cliff Mining Co. for less than its par value, $1 per share

Copper shares have made investors many fortunes the ... year. In 1869 a servant in the family of Prof. Agassiz asked him to invest $250 for her. He invested it in 50 shares of copper stocks. The compound interest and dividends added to the present market value amount to $550,000. Grasp this opportunity and do likewise, you cannot lose. Get rich. Buy a few shares before they advance. Send money by draft, express, registered letter or post office order for as many shares as you wish, to

WM. REED, Investment Broker, 139 S. 5th St., Philada. Pa

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S S Fletcher) Market street, will receive prompt attention

M. J. GRIFFIN

COAL AND WOOD.

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office cor. State and Water Sts.

H. W. NICKERSON,

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NAVAL ORDERS.

These naval orders have been issued: Lieutenant H. O. Dunn, commissioned lieutenant commander

Passed Assistant Surgeon J A. Guthrie, detached from the Franklin, February 18, and ordered to the New York.

REVIVAL SERVICES.

Revival services will be held at the Methodist church only on Tuesday and Friday evenings, in the place of the regular services. They will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Whiteside.

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"Who is that silly looking little curly headed blond in the pink frock with blue ribbons?"

"Silly looking? She's going to marry the richest young man in town."—Chicago Record.

The average weekly loss of vessels on the seas throughout the world is 12.

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OLD INDIA PALE ALE

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It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

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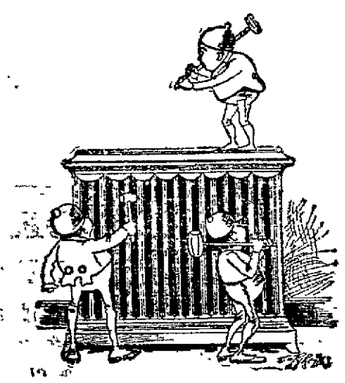

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400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

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And has received the commendation of Engineers Architects and Consumers generally Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

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Everything to be found in a First Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street.

THE LOVERS OF THE SEA.

Twain are the lovers of the sea
And hard the burden of their life
Who wage for that which may not be
Wars unproclaimed and secret strife,
While the cold wanton feeds their hate
And triumphs in their sad estate.

Sometimes about the earth she flings
Her foam white arms and clips his waist,
And with low, purling laughter sings
Her love song to him so enlaced.
Sometimes she casts one lazy kiss
To heaven that stoops and smiles for this.

And presently in wilder mood
She leaps to meet the lowering skies,
With sparkling lips to taste love's food
Full tenderly from starry eyes.
Then frets and sighs to be caressed
Awhile upon earth's envious breast.

Yet fears she wholly to declare
For one or other of these twain,
Lest the love, destined to despair,
Forget its worship in its pain.
Lest the high heaven should crack and fall
Or earth divide and swallow all.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

BOWIE AS A SLAVE TRADER.

Tactics by Which He Beat the Law and Made Enormous Profits.

The United States had not long suppressed the slave trade. There were plenty still of lowland planters, with money in both pockets, ready to buy whatever of "black ivory" other men would fetch in. Lafitte, the Louisiana pirate, kept up the business of such fetching in. His haunts were no great ways from the Bowie habitat. Moreover, young James was in the way of coming upon the pirate whenever the business of board rafting took him to New Orleans. He was too shrewdly American not to grudge such fair profits to a pack of foreigners. In company with his brother, Rezin Bowie, Jr., and two others of like adventurous minds he undertook to get a fair sharing in it.

Money was needed to begin. Bowie sold his land to get it. Then the four entered into treaty with Lafitte. He sold them sound and likely blacks off his slaveships at the rate of $1 a pound. That made the average price something like $140 the head. In the open market the blacks would fetch from $500 to $1,000 each. But there was another and a better chance of gain, which the trading crew were quick to seize upon. Under the laws then standing all Africans brought in in violation of the statute were confiscated and sold out of hand, one half the price going to the authorities, the other to the informer. Bowie and his comrades made a practice of informing upon themselves; then when the slaves were seized and sold they bid them in, pocketed half the money they paid and found themselves free to offer their purchases wheresoever they chose, for the blacks were now lawfully within United States boundaries and a commodity as staple and as marketable as cotton.

The profit was enormous—nobody ever bid against the partners at the forced sales, though there were a lively crying and a swift mounting of prices at the later vendings. Altogether the company realized a profit of some $65,000 within a couple of years. But the business involved such mummery and flummery of false names, pretended disguises and pretended seizures that the Bowies pretty soon tired of it. They dissolved it, and at least set about spending as strenuously as they had gone about making.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

The End of a Famous Old Inn.

Hampstead folk and Londoners who find their way up to the heights of Hampstead for a breath of fresh air will have noticed that the famous "Jack Straw's Castle" is now in the hands of the builders. At present the old inn is supported with huge props and the lower part incased in scaffolding. This should be enough to raise an alarm among those who fly to the defense of historic buildings, for "Jack Straw's Castle," it is well known, has been frequented by some of our most famous celebrities, past and present. Here Dickens came for a well cooked chop and a bottle of good wine after a ramble on the heath. Washington Irving introduces the inn in his "Tales of a Traveler," and it has always been a hostelry beloved of artists. Here, too, the old courts leet were held. As a matter of fact, the ancient face of the "Castle hotel" is to be preserved, but the interior will be entirely changed, and the charm of the old inn will have passed away. The low rooms and bar will be replaced by loftier rooms and a modern bar. There must be many who have pleasant recollections of good dinners at "Jack Straw's Castle" after breezy walks on the heath, and many will mourn over the inevitable changes that modernize old cities.—Westminster Gazette.

Farsighted Economy.

Mrs. Widedunks—Jenkinson, we ought to take one of the first class magazines. It's only $4 a year, and the children are getting old enough now to have something good to read.

Mr. Widedunks—Only $4 a year! That's all, is it? If you begin on magazines, you'll think you have to keep it up. At the end of every year you'll want to have 'em bound. There's two volumes in a year. Costs $1 a volume for binding. That makes $6 a year. In ten years it's $60. Then you'll want a bookcase to hold the 20 volumes. That'll cost about $25, because you'll think it ought to be big enough to hold the 20 more volumes. There's $85 thrown away. Do you think I'm made of money? If you want to read the magazines, what's the matter with borrowing 'em?—Chicago Tribune.

Testing Them.

Alexander Hamilton, when slavery existed to a limited extent on Manhattan Island, bought a slave for the purpose of emancipating him.

At the first meeting of the Emancipation society of the city of New York Hamilton attended at the request of Lafayette, who desired to become an honorary member.

"Gentlemen," said Hamilton, coming straight to the point, "in token of our sincerity, let every person here emancipate his slaves now."

The members were astonished at the application of this severe test. Not one was willing to submit to it. Hamilton, seeing that his proposition met with general disapproval, took his hat and left the building.—Exchange.

The provision for a traveler's requirements are distinctly generous in Servia. Not only does he find public soap, which Englishmen sometimes resent not finding in France, but also hairbrushes, clothesbrushes, combs and slippers in his bedroom. Even a public toothbrush is by no means unknown.

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

THE GREENLANDER'S BOAT.

The Eskimo Kayak Is a Most Difficult Craft to Handle.

There is no craft so difficult to handle as the Eskimo kayak. The only boat familiar to us which in any way resembles it is the racing shell, but if a crack oarsman of one of our crack colleges were tied into a kayak and told to shift for himself, even in smooth water, he would have a hard time of it.

The kayak has been evolved through hundreds of years of necessity. Without it the Greenland Eskimos at least would not be able to provide their daily bread, or, more properly speaking, their daily blubber.

It is singular that all the materials used in the construction of the kayak come from the sea; driftwood for the frame, sealskin for the covering, thongs for the harpoon and dart, ivory and bone for bow, stern and keel and for the various implements. The women prepare the skin covering and stretch it over the frame till it is as tight and firm as the head of a drum. On such occasion there is great excitement in the community, a regular "kayak bee" is held; even refreshments are not lacking, for the owner of the kayak treats to coffee all around when the work is satisfactorily done.

The completed boat is a triumph of ingenuity and skill. It is about 18 feet long, sharply pointed at each end. Its greatest depth is 6 inches and its width about 18. It is entirely covered save for the little round hole into which the owner slips, pushing his feet underneath the skin deck in front.

This hole is fitted to the person for whom the boat is designed, and his thighs completely fill it up. When he is seated in it and his waterproof jacket is tied securely round the edge, he is able to defy the waves which wash over him or the rain which beats upon him. The six thong loops arranged on the deck in front and the three or four behind hold his implements—bird darts, lances, knives, and, most important of all, his harpoon. A little stand is arranged directly in front of him, upon which is coiled the harpoon line, and behind him on the kayak is the harpoon bladder which is attached, inflated ready for use, to the line.

The most expert are apt sometimes to be overturned. It may be by the attack of a walrus or even a seal, by a careless movement or an unexpectedly large wave. If he does not right himself at once, he is inevitably drowned unless a comrade comes to his assistance. The usual method of turning the kayak upright again is by using the paddle as a lever, holding it along the side of the boat, pointing it toward the bow, then sweeping it through the water, but those who are thoroughly proficient are able to do it by means of their throwing stick, their arm or even their hand.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Dragon Fly.

No one could fail to be struck with the singularly perfect adaptation of the insect's structure to a life of aerial piracy. The four wings are large and, in proportion to their weight, enormously strong. Each is supported by a wonderfully arranged network of slender ribs, which give the necessary rigidity to the thin, transparent membrane forming its basis. The muscles by which the wings are moved are massive and powerful and are so arranged among themselves that the animal is capable of steering its course with an unerring accuracy which any bird might envy. In this power it is largely aided by a marvelous keenness of sight, for, in addition to the two great, gorgeously colored compound eyes which make up so much of the head, the insect possesses three smaller "simple" eyes, making five eyes in all. The prey when overtaken is seized and devoured by means of powerful, sharply toothed jaws.

An animal which lives such an active life naturally requires a very perfect breathing apparatus, and this is amply provided by a system of holes on the sides of the body which open into an elaborate network of air tubes, supplying every part of the system. The air in these tubes is constantly renewed by the regular compression and dilatation of the body by special muscles.—Chambers' Journal.

Murder of the Archbishop of Paris.

It was during the outbreak in June, 1848, that the heroic death of the saintly archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Affre, occurred, says C. F. B. Miel in The Atlantic. The soul of this devout man was deeply moved by the spirit of strife among the people. It cut him to the heart to see Paris on the verge of a fratricidal war, and God's call seemed clear to him, as the spiritual father of the community, not to spare himself in any endeavor to restore order and promote peace. Accordingly on the morning of the 27th he proceeded to the scene of the conflict and mounted the barricades to plead with the populace on the one hand, and the soldiery on the other. Scarcely had he uttered the words "My children" when a shot fired from a neighboring building pierced him, and he fell dead before the eyes of the mob. This tragic event was enough. A horror seemed to seize every one at the enormity of the crime, and from that moment the insurrection ceased. Truly the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

The Value of the Italian Army.

The army costs about £9,000,000 a year. The rank and file under arms—i. e., the actual standing army—is about 140,000 to 150,000 men and is never large enough, without calling out the reserves, to maintain order in case of such troubles as the recent or those of 1898. The army is the best school in Italy and has done more to develop and unify the various and once hostile populations than all other agencies. Those who have seen much of the Italian soldiers will, I think, be ready to testify that in all that concerns the making of men the army is worth all the universities in the peninsula, for it teaches discipline, which is taught in no other school, nor in the family. It is the one institution in Italy, and I make no exception, which is not demoralized.—Spectator.

A Suicide Machine.

It is said there formerly existed in India a machine for the use of the would be suicides whereby they could cut off their heads. It was half moon shaped, with a sharp edge, was fastened at the back of the neck, chains being attached to the ends. The man who donned this instrument of death put his feet in the chains, gave a sharp jerk downward and severed his head from the body.

Self Valuation.

"It must take a great deal of egotism to make men talk about themselves as they do," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"Sometimes it is a sort of modesty," replied Willie Wishington. "They realize the danger of being overlooked unless they make a great deal of noise."—Washington Star.

RANGE OF THE HONEYBEE.

How the Distance Traveled by the Bees Can Be Determined.

The range of the honeybee is but little understood by the masses, many supposing that bees go for miles in quest of nectar, while others think that they go only a short distance. It may be curious to many to understand how any one can tell how far the bees may fly, but this is simple when understood. Years ago, when the Italian bees were first introduced in the United States, these bees having marks different from the common bees already here, they were easily distinguished, and after any beekeeper had obtained the Italian bees they could be observed and their range easily noticed. If bloom is plentiful close where bees are located, they will not go very far, perhaps a mile in range, but if bloom is scarce they may go five miles. Usually about three miles is as far as they may go profitably.

Bees have been known to go as far as eight miles in a straight line, crossing a body of water that distance to land. It is wonderful how the little honeybee can go so far from its home and ever find its way back to its own particular hive. If while the little bee is out of its home or hive the hive should be moved some 10 or 20 feet, according to the surroundings, when it came back to where its home was first located it would be hopelessly lost. If its home was in an open space, with no other objects close, it might find its way home, but even should the hive be moved only a few feet many of the bees would get lost.

So to move a hive, if done in the winter time, it would be all right, but if in the summer time it should be done after dark or when the bees are not flying, and even then the bees should be stirred up some and smoke blown in at the hive entrance and a board or some object placed in front of the hive so that the bees in coming out may mark their new location. Bees no doubt are guided by sight and also sense of smell. They are attracted by the color of bloom, as if they are at work on a certain kind of bloom they are not likely to leave that particular kind of bloom for any other as long as they can find that kind. Again, bees are often attracted to sweets by their sense of smell, for they will go after sweets even if in the dark, if close. However, any kind of sweets may be placed in glass in plain sight, but if covered so as not to emit any smell the bees will take no notice of it.—Exchange.

WHY HE DIDN'T BID UP.

The Plight of a Man Who Had a Weakness For Auction Sales.

There was a red flag out in front of a farmhouse up in the Swift river region in Oxford the other day when Burns was driving past the place. He can never get by an auction sale. There is something about a bargain at vendue that strikes him just where he lives. So Burns hitched his horse and stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. He remembered that at the last auction he attended he bought two pod augers and an ox yoke, and this time he steeled himself lest he might commit similar egregiousness. In fact, he concluded that he wouldn't bid at all.

But when the crowd got well waked up over a Jersey heifer Burns chipped in a bid or two and finally got to going hard against a red whiskered man who carried a whip in his left hand and expectorated violently after every bid.

As the contest waxed somewhat energetic Burns reached for his pocketbook. His fingers ran down and down into his trousers pocket until they slid into a good big hole. The pocketbook was gone. You who have found holes in your pockets where wallets ought to be can, in some measure, appreciate Burns' feelings.

He stopped bidding, and while the red whiskered man, still expectorating, was paying down an installment on the heifer Burns pushed forward through the crowd and got the auctioneer's ear. That functionary listened intently. Then he arose erect once more and in his professional drone commenced:

"This gentleman informs me that he has lost a pocketbook containing the sum of $200. He offers the sum of $10 for its return. Now"—

"I'll give $20," broke in a voice in the corner.

"Thirty," cried another.

"Thirty-five," came in determined tones from the red whiskered man.

"That was beyond what I could afford," says Burns, "and so I came away and left them bidding on it."—Lewiston Journal.

Methods of Sienkiewicz.

To write such books as Sienkiewicz does without copying or correcting, to create works like the triology and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing tour de force in literary experience. Sienkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself, visits and studies the places which he needs to see and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France or other countries takes with him all the books he requires and shuts himself in with them during working hours, which for him are from 8 or 9 till lunch at 1 o'clock and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.—Jeremiah Curtin in Century.

It Looked Suspicious.

They were out driving in the mellow twilight, and their engagement was yet in its infancy.

"Darling," he said, "you are sure that I am the first and only man whose lips have ever come in contact with yours?"

"Of course I am, dearest," she replied. "You do not doubt my word, do you?"

"No, no, sweetheart," he answered. "I love you too devotedly for that. But when I put my arm around you a moment ago and you made a grab for the lines I could not help thinking you possessed wonderful intuition."—Chicago News.

Two Blind Chaplains.

It is a coincidence that both the senate and house at Washington have blind chaplains. Milburn of the senate is considered the more distinguished, but Couden of the House is spoken of as the more eloquent. Coudon is a man powerful in argument and a friend of the Woman's Christian Temperance union.

The first mention made of the use of coal as a fuel is in the records of the abbey of Peterborough in the year 850 A. D., where is found an entry for 12 cartloads of "fossil fuel."

Next to our grape wine it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man, its use in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

HOODOOS OF THE SEA.

PECULIAR SUPERSTITIONS OF SALT WATER SAILORMEN.

The Worst Omen of Ill Luck on Board Ship Seems to Be a Cat—The Sloop of War Resaca and Her Unfortunate Experiences With Feline Pets.

Men who go down to the sea in ships may not be more superstitious by nature than their fellows, but in that wonderful expanse of sky and water the smallest incident of a mysterious nature is magnified into an omen. That mariners of the olden time invested the sea with supernatural powers and misunderstood its messages is not surprising, since modern science and the most enlightened understanding fail to account for its baffling vagaries. That is why a strange bird settling on the masthead of a ship at sea causes a panic among the crew, not a man of whom would dare to harm the stranger guest for fear of shipwreck and death.

But the worst hoodoo of a ship is a cat. Stories of the ill luck brought on shipboard by a cat have become history. The cats of the steam sloop of war, the Resaca, the boat detailed for special duty in the survey of the isthmus of Panama, made themselves famous by the persistency with which they caused disaster. The first one was washing her face on deck when she suddenly disappeared as if she had been an astral body, and two days later the sailor whose pet she was fell overboard and was drowned.

Six months later the Resaca anchored off the coast of Callao, and a new cat was found. But one day an American who was ill and homesick came on board to see his countrymen, and the cat jumped on the ship's rail as soon as she saw him, scratching and mewing as if possessed. She would have gone overboard, but the men jumped to the rescue and locked up their second pet for safe keeping. But the vigilance of pussy's guard relaxed, and she was on deck when the American stranger came the next day, and this time the cat jumped into the water and was drowned, and the American visitor died on the ship before daylight the next morning. Nothing would persuade the crew into a belief that the one disaster was not the cause of the other.

But the end was not yet. After a long cruise the Resaca put into the harbor of Talcahuano, and here one of the men, who was less superstitious than the rest, obtained a fine kitten, which took kindly to all on board and grew to be a great pet, being No. 3 of the ship's cats and an improvement upon its predecessors.

But one morning at sea No. 3 killed herself in a mad race after a rat. The men got together and predicted bad luck, when the captain of the starboard watch of the after guard said, "Boys, I feel bad," and staggered against the bulwarks. Before he could be helped he died, holding his throat with both hands and saying with his last breath, "All throttled here." There was never another cat taken on board of the Resaca.

Spanish sailors on certain days of the week or month lay aloft at sunset and beat the sheaves and pins of the blocks to drive the devil out of the gear, and the noise they make is a horrid din. This is said to have originated in an order given which resulted in disaster. A certain Spanish squadron that had been anchored some time was surprised by the enemy and could not make sail and escape, as all the blocks were rusted and useless.

The Spanish sailor has no prejudice against starting out on a voyage on Friday, that being the day on which Columbus started on his voyage of discovery. English and American sailors will not sail on that day if they can help it. They would consider the whole trip hoodooed by such a beginning.

A sneeze at sea would hoodoo the ship unless it happened to turn to the right, when it brings good luck. Sailors have faith in odd numbers, and naval gunners carry out this belief in the number of times they fire a salute.

Whistling for wind is another favorite superstition of the man before the mast. This is a trick when ships are becalmed, as "whistles rash bid tempests roar." A "capful of wind" or "a bagful" usually defines the quantity.

The phantom ship so often seen by navigators is not purely the apparition of romance, but a mirage, something almost as wonderful, but not of the supernatural order.

The horseshoe is still a popular contribution by sailors to the fetich of good luck. A distinguished precedent is given for this. Lord Nelson believed in the luck of the horseshoe and had one nailed to the mast of his ship Victory.

A peculiar superstition is that if women are taken on board a voyaging ship some disaster will follow. This may be the reason why no government ship is allowed to carry women passengers. Sailors, too, prefer a ship that has a masculine name or is called after some man or is geographical. A line of steamers will often employ a certain selection of names to the exclusion of all others. The Cunard steamers end all their names with "ia." Captains are quite as superstitious as their crews, though of better education, and that may account for the names of sailing vessels being identical with that of wife or sweetheart. Certain names are known in the history of nautical nomenclature as hoodoos. They have been painted over and other names substituted, but bad luck attended the ship, and not even reconstruction saved it. Then, if the name must be feminine, the crew want something they are familiar with. One old tar who was told the name of a new ship was the Aurora said:

"Why don't they leave poetry to the navy folk and stick to the Susannahs and Mary Anns and Jemimas of my day? Aurora! How is a plain able seaman to answer a hail with such a mouthful as that behind his teeth?"

Sailors cling to their superstitions with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. Possibly it is more from custom rather than from an actual belief in their efficacy. The man at the wheel will tell you that he cannot steer straight if there is a cross eyed passenger on board, and he repeats a charm of words to annul the evil:

St. Peter! St. Peter! Pray give us a charm
Against the bad eye that would do us a harm.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Never Took the Hint.

Jackson—Well, what did your wife say to you when you got home so late last night? You know you were afraid she'd scold.

Fairleigh—My wife's a jewel. She didn't scold a bit. In fact, she didn't even ask me where I had been or what had delayed me; but, late as it was, she sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. I tell you she's one in ten thousand.

Jackson—What did she sing?

Fairleigh—"Tell Me the Old, Old Story."—Chicago News.

BROTHERS OF PITY.

A Charitable Order That Has Flourished In Florence For Six Centuries.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes to St. Nicholas an article entitled "In Old Florence," telling of an American boy who visited the quaint Italian city. Mrs. Davis says:

They were passing the entrance of the Ponte Vecchio, a bridge, gray with age, which spans the Arno. Rows of goldsmiths' shops cling along its edges like branches to a ship's side, and trays heaped with cheap rings or jewels worth a king's ransom line the sidewalks.

Just as they reached it a sudden startling silence fell upon the crowd. Across the bridge came a noiseless procession of men in black gowns and cowls. The cowls covered their faces, two holes being cut for their eyes to look through. They carried a sick man upon a bier and passed through the sunshine silently as shadows. All traffic stopped to make way for the procession; many of the Italians muttered a prayer for the poor burden, crossing themselves.

When they were gone, Tom felt that it was time for some missionary work and said:

"Now, at home we've no time for that sort of foolery. The idea of those men dressing up like mummers to carry their relatives to a hospital!"

"They are not his relatives," said Hugo quickly. "It is not mumming. You don't understand. It was a boy, like us, who started the work 600 years ago. He said every Christian man should be ready to help every other man—to nurse the sick or bury the dead without reward or praise. He and his companions were called the Brothers of Pity, and the order has been at work here in Florence ever since. All kinds of men belong. They never talk of it, but they are ready at a moment's call. They wear the black gown and hood that nobody may know them or praise them for their charity. Those men who passed just now may have been laborers or great Florentine nobles. Only God knows them."

"How are they paid?"

"Paid! They are never paid. They can take nothing from those they serve but a drink of cold water."

"And that thing has been going on for six centuries!" said Tom. "We tire of things in six years! Besides an American pays taxes to support an almshouse for paupers. He does not nurse and bury them himself."

"No," said Hugo gently, "the methods are different. I suppose we seem like children compared to the wide awake Americans. But these old customs were invented to teach us great truths before we could read or write, just as you show a child pictures to teach him things. We keep them still."

WOMEN FOLK OF THE SENATE.

Ingenuous and Amusing Remarks Often Addressed to Those In Official Society.

Mary Nimmo Balentine, writing of the "Women of the United States Senate" in The Woman's Home Companion, tells some amusing incidents in the experiences of senatorial families which require great tact and self command to be passed over without contretemps:

"Women whose husbands and fathers are in political life enjoy interesting experiences and meet with curious people at times. The wife of a prominent senator, who is also the daughter of a senator, recalls with much mirth the days of her father's campaign. She and her sister used to accompany him when he went to make speeches, and, wrapped in waterproof cloaks, the young ladies would mingle with the crowd to hear the comments of the people.

"The two were noted wags and wits and were feared for their funmaking proclivities. The elder was invited once to visit with her father a valued constituent whose farm was near the county town. They went and enjoyed the day fully, visited the county fair and were interested in all they saw. At night when the young lady had retired to her room and was partially undressed there came a knock at the door. She peeped out and saw the daughter of the house.

"'May I come in?'

"'Certainly,' replied the other, opening the door.

"'Do you know I was awfully afraid to have you come here?'

"'Why, then, did you ask me to come?'

"'Oh, your pa and my pa are such friends that I couldn't help it. But I just made up my mind that if you acted a bit stuck up or put on any airs over us I was just bound to tell you of it. I'm right glad now that you did come.' This frank certificate of amiability was much prized by the recipient."

Not That Kind of Cricket.

A lady in search of a birthday present for her son walked up and down a bookshop, closely scanning the titles of the books. At last she picked up a volume and handed it to the assistant.

"Is this a good book?" she asked.

"An excellent book, madam," replied the young man as he wrapped it up, "and the only copy we have left."

"How fortunate I am to have secured it, then!" the delighted purchaser exclaimed. "My son is just crazy over the game, and I wanted to get a good authority on it, so that he could learn to play it properly."

The shop assistant looked dazed as he handed his customer the copy of Charles Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," and she had been gone some time before it dawned upon him what a mistake he had made.

No one knows what the boy said.—Short Skits.

She Likes to Cook.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is as noted among her friends for her culinary accomplishments as for her literary ability. She delights in concocting dainty dishes and finds much recreation from mental labor in preparing a salad or a ragout. Over this work, too, she is wont to talk and jest and spin plantation yarns that are a delight to the listeners, and she declares that praise of her cooking is as pleasing as appreciation of her stories.

For the Toilet Table.

"I had to visit England," says a recently returned traveler, "to discover that the best place in the bedroom for a dressing table is directly before a window, the back of the mirror against the pane if possible. In this light every defect of coiffure or complexion is seen at a time when it is possible to remedy it."

In France they have been selling artificial coffee berries lately. Examination showed that they were made of ash gum, dextrin and other pleasant materials.

A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe.

EASILY DECIDED.

This Question Should be Answered Easily By Portsmouth People.

Which is wiser—to have confidence in the opinions of your fellow citizens or depend on statements made by utter strangers? Read this:

Mr. A. A. Shea of 2 Langdon street, says:—"I had kidney trouble occasionally for two years or more. Whenever I contracted a cold or did any lifting bad spells came on me. I did not have much backache. It was the kidney secretions that distressed and annoyed me. While in pretty bad shape I was induced by testimony appearing in the papers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, and I went to Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block and procured a box. After I stopped using them I felt no inconvenience from urinary difficulty. The lameness had gone with it. I consider this a good recommendation for Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Drink Only The Purest

FINE OLD

Ky. Taylor

WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by None genuine without our signature both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulant OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

For A Stylish Hitchout

GO TO

G. E. DEMPSEY'S STABLE

Deer Street,

Or call him by telephone, 18—3, and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriages

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

AND

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59—2.

More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufacturers of the

7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used is extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, Deer and Market Sts. J. H. SWETT, Bridge

R. G. SULLIVAN.

MANUFACTURER

Manchester, N. H.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

QUEEN'S FUNERAL

London the Scene of an Imposing Procession.

BODY NOW IN WINDSOR

Services For Dead Monarch Held In St. George's Chapel.

Estimated That Thirty-five Thousand Soldiers and Sailors Took Part In Final Tribute to Their Late Ruler—King Edward, Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught a Notable Trio of Royal Mourners. Rain Falling at Portsmouth When Victoria's Remains Were Landed From the Royal Yacht—Hundreds of Thousands of People Line the Streets of London to Witness the Old Queen's Last Drive Through the City—Fatalities and Injuries to Many People Reported as a Result of the Enormous Crowds—Queen's Remains to Lie Until Monday In the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor.

London, Feb. 2.—With every circumstance of splendid pomp befitting the obsequies of so mighty and well beloved a monarch all that is mortal of Queen Victoria was borne through the streets of the capital and started toward the ancient fortress-palace of the sovereigns of England. Perhaps the stately grandeur of the sorrowful pageant through the swarming streets of London, with hundreds of thousands of mourners forming a black border to the route, will never be surpassed. There was in Victoria's funeral procession an absence of that black ceremonial generally connected with the final progress to the grave.

The coffin was drawn by cream colored horses. The pall was white, and the uniforms of the troops and the gold trappings of the foreign sovereigns, princes and representatives, forming a glittering medley, gave brilliant coloring to the scene. The chief mourner himself, with his field marshal's uniform—even though this was partially hidden by his overcoat—surrounded by his corps, helped to leaven the symbols of mourning marking the route.

Never in English history has a sovereign been borne to the grave attended by so many distinguished mourners. The number of crowned heads surpassed that of the jubilee procession. All the great officers of state participated. The display of the naval and military forces reached the great total of 35,000 men.

At Portsmouth.

Early in the day the remains of the queen were taken from the royal yacht Alberta to a special carriage in Portsmouth and conveyed to the king's train, which started for London amid the boom of the guns from the forts. The scene was pathetic and imposing. The king, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and some princesses who passed the night on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, proceeded to the royal yacht Alberta in a steam launch. King Edward boarded the yacht five minutes after Emperor William had steamed alongside the Alberta from the Hohenzollern.

The guard of honor of the jetty consisted of several hundred marines and bluejackets. The commanders of the warships which took part in the naval pageant had already assembled under the covered way leading from the yacht to the railroad station.

There was a short service on the yacht before the body was removed, the Duke of Connaught, the crown prince of Germany, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Princess Henry of Battenberg being present. The only mourning visible was the dresses of the princesses.

The firing of minute guns marked the passage of the coffin to the draped railroad station, to which it was borne shoulder high by petty officers of the royal yachts, preceded by a clergyman.

Immediately behind the coffin were carried the crown, globe, standard and a few choice wreaths.

The train from Portsmouth with the body reached Victoria station just ahead of that conveying the king, queen, Emperor William and the other royalties.

The royal party immediately alighted and were conducted to a pavilion, where the kings of Portugal, Greece and Belgium and other distinguished personages had already assembled. The brilliant gathering was received by the king and queen with the briefest delay.

The coffin was removed by an officer and 12 grenadiers and deposited. The pall, with the crown on a cushion, the regalia and the insignia of the Garter were placed thereon, and the procession marshaled ahead became mobile.

The Funeral Procession.

The firing of minute guns and the tolling of bells at a quarter past 11 announced to the countless multitudes who had been crowding London's muddy streets since daylight that the funeral procession with the body of Queen Victoria had begun its passage through the capital. The people fought for hours for a glimpse of the coffin and the kings and others following it. They saw a long procession of soldiers, a passing show of dazzling regalia, with a hundred royalties crowding after, and then dispersed, while all the church chimes of the city were ringing and muffled dirges were played.

Europe has seen grander royal funerals than the queen's and had a more gorgeous spectacle in the celebration of her 60 years of reign, but no episode in the Victorian era will live so deeply impressed on the memories of those who witnessed it or participated in the ceremonies.

The day was somber, wet and chilly, as are most of London's winter days. The cloudy sky added to the gloom of the whole city.

The procession, apart from the gun carriage carrying the coffin, with the royal family and official mourners about it, was not noteworthy. Parliament, the judiciary and the commercial bodies were not represented. Royalty, the army and the navy monopolized the pageant. Three thousand soldiers and sailors, picked companies representing all branches of the service—cavalry, artillery, infantry yeomanry, militia, volunteers and colonials—formed the advance escort. They marched slowly and without music. Most of the uniforms were covered with dark overcoats, and the standards were draped with black, the officers wearing bands of crape on their sleeves. The infantry marched in columns of four with rifles reversed. They were half an hour in passing.

Earl Roberts Next.

Then came Field Marshal Earl Roberts and his staff and after them four massed bands, playing funeral marches. Three hundred musicians announced the coming of the body of the queen. There was a long array of court officials, under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk (the earl marshal), all attired quaintly and brilliantly, bearing maces or wands, most of them elderly men, who for years had served the royal lady for whom they were performing the last offices.

Most of the spectators expected an imposing catafalque, and the coffin was almost past before they recognized its presence by removing their hats. It was a pathetically small, oblong block, concealed beneath a rich pall of white satin, on the corners of which gleamed the royal arms. Across the pall the royal standard was draped, and a large crown of gold incrusted with jewels rested at the head of the coffin, which was at the end of the gun carriage, just over the gun. On the foot of the coffin were two smaller crowns, with a gold, jeweled scepter lying between them.

The eight horses which drew the gun carriage were almost concealed beneath their rich harnesses. A large bow of purple was attached to the coffin. This was the only symbol of mourning.

Around the coffin walked the stalwart bearers, noncommissioned officers of the guards and Household cavalry, and on either side were the queen's equerries, lords in waiting and physicians. All the uniforms were covered with long dark cloaks.

The spectacle was so quickly over that the spectators hardly realized it or had time to bare their heads and comprehend the details when a group of magnificently attired horsemen, with sparkling helmets and coats, mounted on beautiful chargers, was before them.

Then Came the King.

Immediately after the company about the coffin three royal mourners rode abreast. King Edward VII was the central figure of the three, but no less ostentatious personage was seen in the procession. A black chapeau with a plume of white feathers was on his head, and a long black cloak was buttoned around him and hung down over the big black horse which he was riding. The king's familiar face seemed grave and careworn. He looked straight ahead, apparently at the gun carriage on which was the body of the sovereign whose glory and responsibilities he had inherited. He did not see, or gave no sign of seeing, the long ranks of soldiers hedging back the populace about him, the windows crowded with black bonnetted women, the multitudes of uncovered heads, the purple draperies and the green wreaths everywhere. He passed like a man alone, who neither knew nor thought of the world about him, and the sentiment his presence inspired was only sympathy and pity.

Beside King Edward rode Emperor William, his nephew and neighbor. The unique, commanding figure of the German emperor could not for a moment be mistaken. He looked every inch a soldier. His imperial majesty glanced right and left as he rode, and his hand was frequently raised to the red and white feathers hanging over his hat as he responded to salutes.

On the king's left rode his brother, the Duke of Connaught, a man of soldierly appearance, almost unnoticed and unrecognized by the people.

In the second rank, behind, rode two more sovereigns, the kings of Greece and Portugal.

In the procession were six carriages, the first and second carrying Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Fife, now princess royal; Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the daughters of Queen Victoria, and the king of the Belgians.

Soldiers representing the German army, noncommissioned officers and men and the escort brought up the rear.

Lasted Two Hours.

The funeral procession occupied two hours in passing from Victoria station to Paddington, a distance of three miles.

The decorations everywhere were impressive, but not elaborate. Purple draperies hung with green wreaths predominated. Flags were on most of the buildings.

The really impressive exhibition of mourning was the black clothing worn by practically all the people, who, as the streets, windows, stands and roofs everywhere were covered with spectators, gave the whole scene a somber hue.

The grounds of Buckingham palace were filled with civil officials and their families. Pensioners from Chelsea and Greenwich lined the sidewalk outside the palace.

St. James' park was packed with a crowd of about 20,000 people, who overran flower beds, stood on the fences and swarmed in the trees, sitting on the branches and clinging to the limbs during the long, chilly hours of waiting. It was too much to expect the populace to maintain a mourning demeanor, and they fought with policemen, smashed hats and chaffed the programme venders after the custom of a London holiday crowd. But when the bells began tolling the whole people felt the solemnity of the day, and the demeanor of the crowds while the procession was passing was one of the most impressive features of the day.

Scenes at Paddington Station.

For an hour before the arrival of the procession Paddington station was the center of stirring scenes. There were assembled there, clad in the glittering court costumes, the ambassadors, ministers and representatives of every civilized country on the globe. Mingled with them were the highest officers of the crown. All were engaged in the work preparatory to the departure for Windsor. Among them, conspicuous because of the absence of adornment, dressed in plain black clothing, was the American ambassador. After the departure of the ambassadors a small company was admitted to the station and hurried across to the opposite platform, where the royal train was in waiting.

It was precisely 12 20 p. m. when the guards lining the platform came to a sharp "Attention," and with solemn tread the head of the procession entered the building. For half an hour all was hushed save the occasional clatter of horse hoofs as the hussars and lancers trotted into view of the rattle of the heavy gun carriages as they lumbered by. Then there was a break in the procession, [illegible] the royal

bier, followed by the mounted representatives of royalty. Then came a score or more of attendants.

The king and the German emperor alighted. There was a man at every horse's head and a hand at every carriage door, and as the music of the massed bands echoed throughout the station the pall was removed from the coffin, and the casket was deposited in the saloon carriage, which the queen had so often occupied during her lifetime.

King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the Duke of Connaught stood grouped together as the coffin was borne in, and then they all took seats, and the train started for Windsor.

At Windsor.

By noon many notabilities in full uniform had arrived at Windsor, and the streets were jammed. The scarlet cloaks of the Life guards, the busbies of the grenadiers and the helmets of the infantry lined the streets picturesquely. Sand was scattered along the route to prevent the possibility of slipping.

The courtyard of the castle was filled with privileged spectators. Exquisite wreaths were placed outside the chapel walls and almost covered the steps up which the coffin was brought. Inside people in gorgeous uniforms and in deep black were taking up their places. Pages wearing the dress of the George III period, with big lace ruffles, bright red coats and white breeches and stockings, flitted here and there, and the court attendants in black and gold were moving about.

St. George's chapel was a magnificent sight and divided attention with the officials and college of heralds, gorgeous in quaint mantles, tabards and insignia and the mediæval looking yeomen of the guard, carrying their halberds at slope.

There was a slight drizzle during the morning, which served to discourage somewhat the waiting crowds, but they patiently took their places in the stands prepared for the long wait. The troops and the police poured in steadily, lining the route and guarding the station. Mild excitement was aroused in the crowd when the beef eaters from the Tower of London arrived and entered the castle. The officers in their gay court uniforms and the Life guards with their flowing plumes galloped through the streets.

One well dressed woman fell down in the street and was picked up dead, the excitement having killed her before she had had the opportunity to see the pageant.

Procession Reaches Chapel.

The chapel choir, the archbishop, the bishops and other clergy met the procession at the west door. From the organ loft, midway of the nave and the chancel, came the strains of Mendelssohn's march from "Songs Without Words" in E minor. The strains of the organ died away, and the choir commenced singing softly the sentences for the dead. The solemn cortege proceeded up the nave, which was thronged with the highest and noblest women of England. "Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Refuge," to Felton's setting, was next sung by the choir, which had now taken its place in the transept to the right of the altar.

The coffin rested upon a catafalque at the steps of the altar. The cross over the communion table was covered with white flowers, and the reredos behind was almost concealed with sprays of fern dotted with lilies.

The bishop of Winchester read the lesson from I Corinthians xv. "Man that is born of woman" was chanted by the choir to Wesley's music, followed by "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts." The dean of Windsor read "I heard a voice," and the choir sang the Lord's Prayer to the music composed especially for the dead queen by Gounod. Once more the strains of the choir welled up through the ancient chapel with the singing of "Now Blessed Are They That Die," by Tchaikowsky.

The archbishop of Canterbury read the collect and with quavering voice pronounced the benediction. There was a solemn pause, while all heads bowed. A few sobs were heard, and the choir then broke the oppressive stillness with the sweet harmony of the "Dresden Amen."

Then the loud tones of the norroy king of arms, William Henry Weldon, proclaimed the dead monarch's title. The Spohr anthem, "Blessed Are The Departed," followed, and the service was concluded by the playing of Beethoven's funeral march by Sir Walter Parrott, organist of St. George's chapel and private organist to the late queen.

The body will lie until Monday in the Albert Memorial chapel.

Early Scenes In London.

The scene at Victoria station from early morning was most brilliant and impressive. For the ceremony the station was transformed into an immense reception hall. All trains were stopped before 9, and the long platforms were covered with purple cloth. On another platform, facing that at which the queen's train was to arrive, guards of honor composed of bluejackets and Grenadier guards were drawn up. The broad roadway separating the two was swept clean and sanded, and a number of little purple covered platforms from which members of the royal family were expected to mount their horses were placed at intervals at the side and center.

At 10 o'clock an army of grooms with the horses arrived, and thenceforward distinguished British naval and military officers and foreign royalties in dazzling uniforms came in quick succession. The lord chamberlain and his officials bareheaded, with their white wands of office, received the most distinguished personages and conducted them to a little pavilion erected on the platform.

The whole station by that time resembled the scene at a levee.

The commander in chief of the forces, Field Marshal Earl Roberts, on a beautiful, spirited brown mare, carrying his field marshal's baton, at this juncture trotted into the station and became the center of interest. He was soon followed by the earl marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and many of the most distinguished British officers. Then came carriages for the queen and the princesses. They were the state carriages used on the occasion of the late queen's jubilee, with beautiful gold mounted harnesses and trappings. The horses were ridden by postilions in scarlet jackets, with only a narrow band of crape on their arms as a mark of the great change. The carriages were closed.

The Gun Carriage Appears.

Following the carriages and preceded by an officer came an object at which every officer in the animated throng instinctively came to the salute and every head was bared. It was the little khaki colored gun carriage which was to carry Queen Victoria's remains from Victoria to Paddington station. The eight Hanoverian, cream colored horses, which also drew the late queen on the occasion of the jubilee, were used today. The gold harnesses, scarlet coated postilions and scarlet and gold covered grooms who held each of the horses by the bridle were all the same. Only the little gun carriage instead of the glittering glass and gold coach marked the change. The gun carriage was the same as if in actual use. The place for the coffin to rest was over the actual gun. Rubber tires were on the wheels, but this was the only alteration.

It was then nearly 11 o'clock, and amid cries of "The king of Portugal's horse!" "The Grand Duke of Hesse's horse!" etc., the princes mounted, a minute ahead of the time the train steamed into the station.

All heads were uncovered as the saloon carriage bearing the queens remains stopped exactly opposite the gun carriage and King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Emperor William and others alighted. Then the bearer party advanced to the saloon carriage, and with his hand at the salute and standing a little in advance of the others King Edward watched the painfully slow removal of the coffin to the gun carriage. It was finally accomplished, and the pall and the regalia of the British crown were placed on the coffin.

The king and the others with him then mounted, and the procession started.

There were quite a number of accidents during the crush in London. Individual hospitals have admitted as many as 30 cases. Several persons were badly hurt through falling from elevated places.

Prior to the arrival of the funeral train Major Edward Bassindale, a veteran officer, fell dead in the crowd as the result of excitement.

When the procession was resumed, on arriving at Windsor the artillery horses attached to the gun carriage became restive and nearly overturned it, whereupon King Edward ordered the horses to be taken off and bluejackets put in their places to draw the gun carriage.

The Day In New York.

New York, Feb. 2.—There was a marked observation here of the funeral of England's late queen. Not only were there services in several churches, but there was a considerable suspension of business, especially in the case of concerns with English connections. All the exchanges, except the Coffee and Mercantile exchanges, were closed. The Maritime Exchange was open, but only for the posting of maritime news. Many dry goods firms closed their doors over Sunday to the transaction of general business, although arrangements were made to take care of transactions with the banks. Export concerns, which number many British subjects in this city as members or employees, also recognized the day to a noticeable degree.

State Service at Washington.

Washington, Feb. 2.—Official Washington and the representatives in this country of 30 foreign powers paid their tribute of respect at St. John's Episcopal church to the memory of Queen Victoria. President McKinley and the members of his cabinet were present, the occasion marking the first public appearance of the chief executive since his illness. Judges of the supreme court, members of congress and Lieutenant General Miles and Admiral Dewey, with staffs, and other high officials of the government also attended. The diplomatic corps came in full court dress, the glittering uniforms of its members being in contrast with the somber purple drapings of the church.

Canada's Grief.

Montreal, Feb. 2.—Throughout the Dominion of Canada today is being observed as a day of mourning. In the larger cities, like Toronto, Quebec and Montreal, the absence of people on the streets up to church time reminded one of Sunday. After that the citizens flocked to the churches, every one of them wearing some token of mourning in purple and black. The fire bells rang at minute intervals, and the church bells tolled. Brigade church parades were held by the local militia corps, and in all the churches solemn requiem services were held. All business was suspended.

The Day In Paris.

Paris, Feb. 2.—Flags draped with crape floated from the Elysee and all public buildings, and every English place of business was closed on account of the funeral of Queen Victoria. At 11 o'clock the official services in the English church in the Rue d'Agnesseau were held in the exact form of the services in St. Paul's, London. The church was elaborately draped, the entire facade of sable arches, while the church bore the insignia V. R. I. with the royal arms on a black background. The interior was similarly decorated.

Cape Town In Mourning.

Cape Town, Feb. 2.—The city was draped with mourning, and from early morning streams of people placed wreaths at the foot of the queen's statue in Parliament House garden. At noon 800 members of the Royal Women's guild sang a hymn, a procession was formed and marched past the statue, with bands playing funeral marches. Wreaths from every part of South Africa were deposited about the statue, notably from the insurgent district. The wreaths covered the lawn.

Services In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—The sorrow occasioned in this city by the death of Queen Victoria found formal expression in memorial services held in many of the churches under the auspices of the allied British-American societies. As a token of respect for the memory of the dead queen the Stock Exchange and the Commercial Exchange were closed. The flag on Independence hall was placed at half mast, and many business houses and residences were draped in mourning.

Hongkong's Tribute.

Hongkong, Feb. 2.—Services were held at the cathedral, the governor and council, the government officials and the British and foreign naval and military officers attending. The governor of Macao, a seaport town of the Portuguese in China on a peninsula of the island of Macao, came here on purpose to attend the service. A special Chinese service was held in the afternoon.

Portugal Mourning.

Lisbon, Feb. 2.—Portugal observed the day as one of national mourning. Everywhere flags were draped. The forts and naval vessels have fired guns every quarter of an hour. The theaters are closed.

Australia's Mourning.

Adelaide, South Australia, Feb. 2.—Dispatches received here show that business was entirely suspended throughout the colony. Train traffic ceased simultaneously for ten minutes.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC SALE.

President C. V. Hays Expects No Change In the Policy.

San Francisco, Feb. 2.—President C. V. Hays of the Southern Pacific company when asked if he thought the sale of the controlling interest in the company to the Harriman syndicate would lead to important changes of management or policy said:

"I see no prospect of any marked change in Southern Pacific affairs so far as the public interest is concerned so long as it is managed in accordance with a broad and liberal policy which conserves the best interests of the public. The Southern Pacific will go ahead very much as if no change had taken place. Its interests in a traffic sense are pretty well defined and are not to be disturbed by any new or revolutionary policy. In fact, I do not look for any material change in policy. I do not think the sale means one set of officers for the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. The two roads are big properties and can best be handled by seperate sets of officers, as at present.

Referring to his own position, Mr. Hays said he had no reason to suppose that it would be disturbed. He said he was on terms of friendship with the announced members of the purchasing syndicate and spoke highly of Mr. Harriman's ability as a railroad man. William H. Crocker, speaking of the deal, said:

"The Vanderbilt railroad and steamship interests will now have a direct line between Hamburg and Hongkong across the American continent."

Third Vice President Stubbs, a personal friend of Mr. Harriman, says the change of ownership of the road was as big a surprise to him as it was to the other officials of the road.

It is expected that H. E. Huntington will retire as a director and first vice president of the company at the annual meeting in April next.

According to C. P. Huntington's will, his widow was left two-thirds of his Southern Pacific stock and his nephew, H. E. Huntington, the remaining third. In round numbers the late magnate had 600,000 of the 2,000,000 shares of Southern Pacific stock. H. E. Huntington's portion was, therefore, 200,000 shares. On the supposed basis of $55 a share he gets $11,000,000. Mrs. C. P. Huntington, on the same basis, realizes $22,000,000.

The Loyal Legion's Banquet.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States held its ninetieth annual banquet at the National rifles' armory. About 400 guests, many of them prominent in military, legislative, executive and judicial life, were present. Toasts were responded to by Admiral Stewart, Senator William P. Dillingham of Vermont, Representative William H. Moody of Massachusetts, Minister Wu Ting Fang, Senator Hawley of Connecticut, Lieutenant General Miles and Senator Carter of Montana.

News From the Klondike.

Seattle, Feb. 2.—Two fatal accidents in the Klondike and a third which will probably result in the death of its victim are reported from Dawson, Jan. 23, according to telegraphic advices received in Skaguay. Superintendent Lester of No. 2 Bonanz fell into the shaft of the mine, being literally roasted to death in a fire. Two days previous to the Lester fatality caving earth in a shaft on No. 45 Bonanz crushed out the life of Albert Kronquist. Another miner was badly hurt.

A Corner In Laths.

Detroit, Feb. 2.—The Tribune says a corner in laths is the latest bit of enterprise in the lumber trade, and the man who worked it is Charles W. Kercher of this city. His heavy deals have attracted much attention before, but none has so startled the lumbermen as his present flank movement in white pine. He now controls over 35,000,000 laths. Of this amount 10,000,000 are in Detroit and the remainder are located at Ashland, Duluth, Midland, Ont., and other lake ports.

Cattle Growers to Meet.

Denver, Feb. 2.—A call has been issued for the first annual convention of the American Cattle Growers' association. It is to be held in Denver, Tuesday, March 5, next. Any citizen, a cattle grower or owner, is eligible to membership in the association, which is the outgrowth of the National Live Stock association convention recently held at Salt Lake. Advancement and protection of the cattle growing interests large and small are the objects of the new association.

Seek to Settle Molders' Strike.

Cleveland, Feb. 2.—A conference will be held in this city next Thursday between the National Foundrymen's association and the officers of the International Molders' Union of America to try to effect a settlement that will end the seven months' strike that has been on between these two organizations. Both employers and employees are stubborn in holding to their respective views, and both are loath to yield.

The Wisconsin Ready.

San Francisco, Feb. 2.—The battleship Wisconsin will go into commission on Monday and join the North Pacific squadron. Captain Ritter will take command of the vessel. Lieutenant Commander Milton will be executive officer and Lieutenant Commander Mayo navigator. There will be a score of junior officers and 555 men in the crew.

Carter's Lawyers to Appeal.

St. Louis, Feb. 2.—Attorneys for Captain Oberlin M. Carter, who is serving a sentence in the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for embezzling government funds while in charge of the engineering work of Savannah harbor, will appeal his case to the supreme court of the United States.

The Weather.

Snow; southerly winds.

TRUST THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind and never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that.—Oscar Ostrom, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I suffered from catarrh; it got so bad I could not work; I used Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cents, or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

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FREE MILLING GOLD MINE That fed Baboon Gulch in Florence, Idaho, which gave up $60,000,000 in placer gold in 1861-62. We offer a limited amount of ground floor stock at 25c per share (par value $1.00). This mine has $50,000 worth of machinery and development; it will pay regular dividends of 10 per cent per month on every dollar invested inside of six months, and will be worth par inside of twelve months. This is the best investment for the money that has ever been offered to the investing public. The stock is fully paid and non-assessable. For further particulars, prospectus, report on mine, references, etc., address,

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Perfect Cuisine — Efficient Service
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Sensible people who seek comfort without waste and elegance without ostentation will find the Empire an ideal hotel.

MODERATE RATES.

There is no crowd or jam. The lounger and curious are absent and an atmosphere of refined congeniality pervades the whole establishment.

From Grand Central Station take Boulevard cars seven minutes to Empire.

From the Fall River Boats take the 9th Ave. Elevated to 59th St., from which Hotel is one minute's walk.

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centres. All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

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BLOOD POISON

Have You Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in the Mouth, Hair Falling? Write for proofs of cures. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. Capital $500,000. 100-page book FREE. No branch offices.

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516 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

THE WICKED KNORT.

He Makes More Trouble In Lapland Than the Mosquito.

The sun was shining brightly through the window of the little wooden hut as I tumbled out of bed on Aug. 10 last year. Three days' tramp from the Norwegian coast across rough fields and spongy bogs, one long day of rowing and shooting rapids, varied with spells of walking round the dangerous falls, had brought us late the night before to this little settlement in Lapland. The dozen inhabitants, part Swedes, part Lapps, were already hard at work on their scanty harvest, and beyond the small field I caught a glimpse of the river, here widening out into a glittering lake, shining like a sheet of silver, scarcely ruffled by a breath of wind. What a morning for a bath! How gloriously refreshing to travel tired limbs!

"Look out!" cried Jack. "The room's full of them! Light up, quick!" H'sh! The air was suddenly shrill with the high pitched, hungry whistle of the mosquito. The window I had observed before was tightly closed—indeed, would not open. The wide platform fireplace was stuffed up with green boughs. Perhaps my brother had opened the door too boldly and had been lost in admiration of the snow line mountains in the distance or the creatures had worked a way down the chimney. At any rate, to the cover of the bedclothes I flew, and for five minutes nothing was heard from us but the steady puff, puff of our lips as we filled the room with clouds of stupefying tobacco smoke.

One sometimes hears people who have only met the mosquito in its milder form, perhaps in Norway or Central Sweden, or in southern countries, or possibly in Lapland in favorable years, or late in the season, maintain that its terrors are much exaggerated. I have not found it so. The worst accounts that I had heard of it before I visited the country did not come anywhere near the reality. And even if the mosquito crop be a comparative failure in any season, there is a far more deadly insect waiting for you, a harmless looking little sand fly, which the natives call a knort. The mosquito is a gentleman by comparison. He fights under the rules of civilized warfare. Hostilities are openly declared, a shrill blare of trumpets heralds his approach. True, he descends upon you in overpowering hosts, but from the fierce blast when he first sights his foe to the savage thrust of his lance through your skin there is nothing secret or underhand about him. Not so the little knort. In ones and twos he creeps stealthily upon you. There is no whistling of wings, no parade of skirmishing round the victim. Quietly he works his way into your clothing, where he seems as much at home as any of the wingless vermin, which fortunately are comparatively rare in Lapland. His bite is practically painless. You rarely notice it at the time, but on the second day it swells into a big burning wound, to rub or chafe which is intolerable agony. —Badminton Magazine.

Not Proved.

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought and said to him:

"Did you ever see a dead man bleed?"

"No," he replied.

"Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?"

"No."

"Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not."

The patient gave his consent. The doctor whipped out his scalpel and drew a little blood.

"There," said he, "you see that you bleed. That proves that you are not dead."

"Not at all," the patient instantly replied. "[illegible] dead men can bleed."—London Answers.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New York, West and South, 10:30 a. m., 6:30, 6:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:30, 6:30, 6:40, 9:30 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30, 9:[illegible] p. m.
All points East, 7:30 a. m., 3:00, 3:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 3:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanborville, 3:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:30, 3, 6:30, 9:30 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
Newington, 9:35 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m.
Sundays, 11:30 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For Boston, West and South, 7:35, 10:25 a. m., 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 6:35 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:20 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:23 a. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanborville, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:25 p. m.
Newington, 10:35 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

Registered mail closes one-half hour earlier than ordinary mail.

OFFICE HOURS: Week-days, 7:30 a. m. to 7:00 p. m. Sundays, 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m.

OBS H. BARTLETT, P. M.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council Chamber at City Hall in said city on the following dates, viz: Feb. 1st, 5th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 21st, March 1st and 5th, 1901, at the following hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 and 7:30 to 9 P. M., for the purpose of making up and correcting the checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the City Election to be held March 12th, 1901.

The said Board will also be in session at the same place on March 12th, 1901, from 8 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 4 P. M., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

It is the personal duty of the voters to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of the Board.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.
HERBERT B. DOW, Clerk.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 5th

STETSON'S

Original Big Double Spectacular

Uncle Tom's Cabin Company

Under the management of Leon W. Washburn.

The Barnum of Them All

More Grand Novelties than Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery,
Mechanical Effects,
2 Brass Bands.
Prof Dari's Military Band.
Miss Nettie Hyson's Colored Female Band.
Blood Hounds
Beautiful Chariots and Tableaux.
Wagons Drawn by Handsome Shetland Ponies.
Genuine Cake Walkers.
Buck and Wing Dancers.
Male and Female Quartettes.
Jubilee Singers.
Grand Vision and Transformation Scenes.
Eva and Her Golden Chariot.

Watch for the Big Parade—It Beats a Circus.

Seats on sale Saturday morning, Feb. 2d, at Music Hall box office.

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m are on a pleasure drive you fail to enjoy a meal at Whi

WHITTIER, Proprietor

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Summer Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8

Leave Portsmouth for Boston, 3 50, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a m, 2 21, 5 00, 7 28 p m. Sunday, 8 50, 10 00 a m, 2 21, 5 00 p m.

Portland, 9 45, 10 45 a m, 2 45, 8 50, 7 20, p m. Sunday, 8 50, 10 45 a m, 5 55 p m.

Wells Beach, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m.

Old Orchard and Portland, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m.

North Conway, 9 55 a m, 2 45 p m.

Somersworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

Rochester, 9 45, 9 55 a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

Dover, 4 50, 9 45 a m, 12 20, 2 40, 5 22, 8 52 p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 48 a m, 8 57 p m.

North Hampton and Hampton, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a m, 5 00 p m. Sunday, 10 00 a m, 5 00 p m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston, 7 30, 9 00, 10 15, a m, 2 30, 3 30, 4 45, 7 00, 7 45 p m. Sunday, 4 30, 8 20, 9 00 a m, 6 30, 7 00 p m.

Leave Portland, 2 00, 9 00 a m, 12 15, 6 00 p m. Sunday, 2 00 a m, 12 45 p m.

Leave North Conway, 7 25 a m, 4 15 p m

Leave Rochester, 7 12, 9 47 a m, 3 50, 6 25 p m. Sunday, 7 00 a m

Leave Somersworth, 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a m, 4 05, 6 39 p m.

Leave Dover, 6 50, 10 21 a m, 1 40, 4 30, 6 33, 9 25 p m. Sunday, 7 30 a m, 9 25 p m.

Leave Hampton, 9 22, 11 53 a m, 2 13, 4 59, 6 15 p m. Sunday, 6 26, 10 06 a m, 8 09 p m.

Leave North Hampton, 9 28, 11 59 a m, 2 19, 5 05, 6 21 p m. Sunday, 6 36, 10 14 a m, 8 15 p m.

Leave Greenland, 9 35 a m, 12 05, 2 25, 5 11, 6 27 p m. Sunday, 6 35, 10 18 a m, 8 23 p m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8 30 a m, 12 45, 5 25 p m.

Portland Village, 8 50 a m, 12 54, 5 35 p m.

Cheshire Junction, 9 07 a m, 1 07, 5 58 p m.

Pittsfield, 9 22 a m, 1 21, 6 14 p m.

Richmond, 9 32 a m, 1 32, 6 25 p m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7 45, 10 25 a m, 3 30 p m

Manchester, 8 30, 11 10 a m, 4 20 p m.

Richmond, 9 10, 11 48 a m, 5 02 p m.

Pittsfield, 9 22 a m, 12 00 m, 5 16 p m.

Cheshire Junction, 9 47 a m, 12 17, 5 53 p m.

Portland Village, 10 01 a m, 12 29, 6 06 p m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Bradford, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the West.

☞ Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

S. NAVY-FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT,

FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8 20, 8 40, 9 15, 10 00, 10 30, 11 45 a. m., 1 35, 2 00, 3 00, 5 00, 5 45, *7 45 p. m. Sundays, 9 00, 10 15 a. m., 12 15, 12 35 p. m. Holidays, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8 30, 8 50, 9 30, 10 15, 11 00 a. m., 12 15, 1 45, 2 15, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 00, *10 00 p. m. Sundays, 9 00, 9 a. m., 12 05, 12 25, 12 45 p. m. Holidays, 10 00, 11 00 a. m., 12 00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays

THE ARMY BILL A LAW

President Puts His Name to the Reorganization Measure.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

Conditions In Porto Rico and the Shipping Bill Discussed by Senate. While House Is Busy With Postoffice Matters.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The president has signed the bill for the reorganization of the army. It is now a law.

When the senate met, Mr. Bacon (Ga.) gave notice that on Monday next he would address the senate on his resolution as to the right of the senate to call upon the executive departments for papers on file.

Bills were passed as follows:

House bill dividing the state of Kentucky into two judicial districts appropriating $60,000 for a public building at Batesville, Ark.; extending the time for the erection of a bridge across the Missouri river at Yankton, S. D.; granting authority to the Keokuk and Hamilton Water Power company to erect a wing dam in the Mississippi river at Des Moines rapids; granting permission for the erection of a beacon light near Cambridge, Md.; providing for an additional circuit judge in the Second judicial circuit; authorizing the construction of a bridge across Clinch river, near Kingston, Tenn.; providing for the erection of a public building at Greenville, Tenn., and appropriating $150,000; authorizing the free transmission of reading matter for the blind; authorizing the establishment of a light and fog station at Point Dume, Cal., at a cost of $63,000; authorizing the construction of a public building at Hammond, Ind., to cost $125,000; authorizing the Moline and Peoria Railroad company to construct a bridge across Rock river, in Illinois; referring to the court of claims the claim of A. H. Russell and W. B. Livermore for damages on account of infringement of a patent on firearms; providing for the establishment of a port of delivery at Saginaw, Mich.; authorizing the secretary of the treasury to advance money for the expenses of the District of Columbia upon requisitions by the District commissioners; amending the Alaskan code in relation to trustees of school boards; to restore to the public domain a small tract of land in the Apache Indian reservation in Arizona; authorizing the fourth and railroad company to construct a bridge across the Monongahela river in Washington county, Pa.

The shipping bill then was taken up. Mr. Foraker (O.) had read a telegram from Governor Allen of Porto Rico saying the legislature had adjourned after a successful session. This led to some discussion of the conditions in Porto Rico.

In the House.

The house committee on public buildings and grounds favorably reported the bill to create a commission consisting of the secretary of the interior, secretary of the treasury and chief justice of the United States to purchase a site for a department of justice building to be opposite and north of the site of the Congressional library and erect upon it a building for the use of the supreme court of the United States, the department of justice, the supreme and appellate courts of the District of Columbia and for such international congresses as shall meet in Washington, the cost not to exceed $7,000,000. The bill also provides for the repeal of the present law appropriating $1,000,000 for a new building for the department of justice.

The committee also reported a bill for a new municipal building for the District of Columbia to cost not to exceed $2,500,000.

Speaker Henderson attended the memorial services in honor of Queen Victoria, and Mr. Dalzell (Pa.) presided over the deliberations of the house.

A bill was passed to authorize Jefferson county, Ark., to construct a bridge across the Arkansas river within five miles of Pine Bluff, Ark.

The house then went into committee of the whole and resumed consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill. It was agreed that all disputed items should be passed over until the bill was completed.

Dr. Gunsaulus Quits Institute.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus severed his official connection with the Armour institute Friday, when his resignation as president went into effect. His successor has not been selected, and Victor C. Alderson, dean of the college, will continue as acting president until the board of directors fills the vacancy. Dr. Gunsaulus handed in his resignation several months ago that he might devote his whole time to the affairs of Central church, of which he is pastor.

County Commissioners Indicted.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—The grand jury has voted indictments against the county civil service commissioners, James D. Morrison and Walter Lantz, and also against George W. Lovejoy, who was a member of the commission. The charge against the three men is that in their official capacity they certified applicants for appointment under the civil service law without holding "public, competitive and open examination." The charge made is a misdemeanor.

Y. P. S. C. E. Monument Unveiled.

Portland, Me., Feb. 2.—Today witnessed the crowning event of the four days' meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in observance of the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the first society, when a bronze memorial tablet was unveiled on Williston church, the birthplace of the movement. The unveiling ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering, including Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the society.

Detroit Paper Suffers by Fire.

Detroit, Feb. 2.—Fire completely gutted the building at 46-50 Larned street, occupied by the Dreskell-Jupp Paper company, and before the firemen gained control of it spread to the plant of The Free Press Printing company, which suffered extensive damage. The loss is about $200,000.

Porto Ricans Oppose Tax Bill.

San Juan de Porto Rico, Feb. 2.—The chamber of commerce, the banks and the League of Proprietors are opposed to the tax bill. It is considered by them as ruinous to the island, and they say that a formal protest should be presented by the president of the board.

THE BOUNTY JUMPER

HE PLAYED A PAYING GAME DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

The Richest Harvests Were Reaped In the Closing Days of the Conflict—Boston's Exciting Experience With a Gang of New Hampshire Recruits.

When the civil war broke out and the call in the north went forth for volunteers, no bounties were paid, and nearly 1,000,000 men volunteered with no more pecuniary inducement than the regular army pay. After a time, however, volunteering languished, and to stimulate enlistments bounties were offered by the nation, the state and the cities and towns. This not bringing forward recruits in sufficient numbers, the draft was resorted to. Drafted men were paid smaller bounties or none at all, and this fact sent into the service as volunteers many who were liable to conscription.

Men who were drafted often, when able, procured substitutes, paying at first $100, then $200, then $300, and finally, as available substitutes grew scarce, much larger amounts. Many cities and towns obtained the recruits needed to fill their quotas under the various calls for troops by enlistments in other localities, as men who were willing to enlist wanted to be credited to the places that would give them the most money. The procuring of men to serve as substitutes and to make up deficient quotas grew into a business of itself, and a very profitable one at that. "Substitute brokers" quickly appeared in great numbers all over the north, and they made enormous profits by agreeing to fill quotas at so much per recruit, providing men whom they had induced to enlist on the payment of amounts much smaller than those offered by the towns.

One of the results of the payment of big bounties was the coming into existence of a class known as "bounty jumpers." The various bounties and gratuities toward the end of the war rarely aggregated less than $1,000 per recruit, and a great many hard characters took advantage of this national, state and municipal liberality by enlisting, getting the money and deserting at the first opportunity. It is on record that some of these men "jumped" their bounties as many as 20 times, each time clearing from $1,000 upward. Generally the desertions were effected at the state camps, where recruits were herded until called to the front. Sometimes, however, the bounty jumpers did not get away until they had been sent to regiments in the field. Unusually the deserters left singly, as opportunities arose, but once in awhile many would make a simultaneous break.

An instance of the last mentioned sort occurred in Boston, which created a sensation at the time. On Aug. 21, 1864, 450 recruits for the First New Hampshire cavalry, under command of Major Cummings and guarded by a company of the Veteran Reserve corps, arrived in this city by special train from Concord. They had all been paid their big bounties the day before and were to sail from this port for Washington on the United States transport steamer Constitution. Arriving in the old Boston and Maine station at 11 o'clock in the morning, they were taken under convoy by a detachment of troops from the Beach Street barracks and a detail of police and started on their march to Battery wharf, where the Constitution lay waiting to receive them.

A great crowd, which, as The Herald of the next day averred, "consisted mainly of the lowest characters from north end," gathered around the detachment as soon as it left the station, and immediately it got into Haymarket square scores of the recruits threw away their knapsacks, blankets, coats, caps and mittens and started on the run in every direction, their escape being covered by the toughs, who surrounded the guards and prevented them from firing on the deserters. The police pursued and caught a number of the fleeing men, whom they brought back to the officer in command, but about 35 succeeded in getting away.

The remainder were marched down Blackstone to Commercial street and thence to the wharf, but on the way still more of them escaped from the ranks, while others flung away their clothing and equipments, until the pavement along the route of march was fairly carpeted. Many hurled their canteens at the officers, and one lieutenant was struck over the head with a beer bottle and knocked senseless. At the wharf two men broke away and jumped overboard, and the guard fired at them, wounding one so badly that he was easily captured and killing the other, who immediately sank. It is hardly necessary to add that the steamer did not linger at the wharf after her unruly passengers were aboard.

In the course of the afternoon ten of the deserters were arrested by the police. One was discovered to be an escaped convict who had been confined in the state prison at Charlestown for the murder of his mother. The others were all "tough citizens," with long records of crime and well known to the police in this and other cities. Five were found in the cellar of a liquor dealer on Hanover street, near the First station house, and a number of persons were arrested for secreting them.

Most of the deserters were never captured and got away to enlist again and jump more bounties.—Boston Herald.

A Perfumed Darling.

Among the customers of a Columbia avenue drug store a few evenings ago was a young colored man attired in a very flashy suit and with the air of a "real hot sport, suh." He asked for 10 cents' worth of perfumery, and the druggist, sizing up his taste properly, poured out an ounce or two of the loudest smelling cologne in the store. In the meantime the young "blood" stood in front of a mirror admiring his own shape. He confided to the druggist that he was going to see his best girl.

"Yo needn' wrap up de bottle, miss' fah," he said. "I wish yo' would po' hit ovah me."

"What! Pour it all on your clothes, do you mean?" asked the astonished druggist.

"Dat's jes' w'at I mean, suh. I done want to smell good fo' once in mah life." After complying with the queer request the druggist sold him another 10 cents' worth for his girl.—Philadelphia Record.

All's Not Well.

Dr. Field, who was the examining surgeon for the naval reserves while the recruiting was being done in New Orleans, has many a good story to tell of recruits in the service. A good one he tells is of a German who was walking his post and calling the hours, as is required. He called, "Seven, bells, and all's well." The next call he gave was a variation. It was: "Eight bells, and all is not well. I hat droppit my musket oferboard."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DESERVED A THRASHING.

He Jeopardized the Reputation of Two Generations of His Family.

It was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance.

"Somethin wrong, stranger?" inquired the man who came in answer to his knock, noticing his excited condition.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was! I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you."

"Long, gawky boy, with a coonskin cap?" asked the man in the cabin.

"That's the one," retorted the stranger. "He had a gun and was evidently out after squirrels."

"Big, old fashioned, muzzle loading gun?" suggested the native.

"Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is," answered the stranger. "I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was He all right enough," said the native. "What d'ye want of him?"

"I want him thrashed," replied the stranger, with emphasis. "I want him thrashed good and hard so that he'll have a little sense."

"That's takin a purty big contract, stranger," said the native doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy, an there ain't any one in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me."

"Well, you're the one that I want to thrash him."

"Oh, that's differ'nt! I thought mebbe you was goin to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin him when it's needful, jest so's to keep him in line an teach him that the ole man is some consider'ble yet. What s he been doin?"

"He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger.

"Sure about that?" asked the native doubtfully.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, and he was going to wing me just to teach me to keep out of the way. Then he took deliberate aim and fired."

"An you're here to kick about it!" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good an plenty, an don't you forgit it. Aimed at you delib'rate an never hit you, did he? Why, shootin like that'll disgrace the hull family. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin as you go down the road, you kin know I'm teachin that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin to suffer for it."—Chicago Post.

Fads.

Isn't it curious that women never take up a fad for pleasure or pleasure for a fad. How different men are! Mind, we don't say superior. A man's fad—whether it be playing golf, or riding a wheel, or collecting rare china, or wearing white beaver hats—is the thing which he likes best to do. He adopts it purely for fun, and, although he occasionally falls a victim and becomes the slave of his hobby, he is a perfectly willing slave. A woman does not adopt a fad for fun. She takes it up as a duty to be performed, whether she feels like it or not. Perhaps she adopts a fad because her dearest friend has one or because it is the fashion or she happens to have a little time on hand. The average woman will rage round with petitions against vivisections for a week and then forget the subject in favor of bicycling. She will fill an album half full of foreign stamps and before six months are over will discover that her parties, dances and dinners leave her no time to go on with it. If women would only take up a particular fad because they want to and pursue it gently and in a leisurely manner what pleasure they would have!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Office Boy Indignant.

The editor or editress, if there is a feminine form permissible, who daily records "Milady's Moods," the dressmaking "Doings of a Daughter of Eve" and looks at the world through the not always rose colored glasses of the "Feminine Observer," called the boy who has charge of the photographs. She was tired, or, in the usual language of milady, "fatigued."

"John," said the fair jotter of the omnipotent feminine fads and fancies, "I want you to get me some bouillon."

"And where shall I get it?" said John puzzled.

"At the Continental," replied the transcriber of the musings of the matinee maid.

"Can't I get it at the newsstand quicker?" said John, a light breaking upon him.

Fifteen minutes later John was telling his troubles to the new reporter. "Why didn't she say soup," he asked, "if she wanted soup? I thought she wanted an afternoon paper."—Philadelphia Times.

Avoiding Notoriety.

"Your eggs," remarked the coarse hen with the raucous voice, her real animus but thinly cloaked under an affectation of indifference, "are not as large as hailstones."

The henly hen smiled sweetly.

"No," she answered in her quiet way, "I do not court newspaper notoriety."—Detroit Tribune.

Sensible.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" asked an inquiring citizen of the 4-year-old boy next door, and the boy answered, after some consideration, "I am going to be a man!"

And the inquiring citizen said he thought that was a good idea.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

According to official statistics, the city of Berlin has a little over 8,000 noblemen, of whom 1,703 are in the army, 693 in the civil service, 260 in trade and 150 day laborers. It is presumed that the remainder, who are not accounted for, do nothing with dignity.

Drumtaddylochhillbattlebeg is the name of a small hamlet in the Isle of Mull, containing not more than a dozen inhabitants.

HAD TO CONQUER OR DIE.

"I was just about gone," writes Mrs. Rosa Richardson, of Laurel Springs, N. C., "I had Consumption so bad that the best doctors said I could not live more than a month, but I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by seven bottles and am now stout and well." It's an unrivaled life-saver in Consumption, Pneumonia, La Grippe and Bronchitis; infallible for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup or Whooping Cough. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Globe Grocery Co.

CHINESE TIN SMELTING.

Primitive Methods That Are Followed by the Slow Going Orientals.

At Taiping the tin mines cover an area of several square miles and are worked almost entirely by Cantonese. They resemble nothing so much as the gold washings of California and New Zealand—for tin washing is a series of dolphe holes and hollows, like an ordinary English quarry, except that there is no stone.

The sand or rubble is excavated and conveyed to the troughs, which are placed at a sufficient height to allow of the water running freely down an incline. One man rakes up to the topmost end the flakes of tin, which resemble bits of black pencil lead, and which, when disengaged from all mud or other light clinging matter, sink at once to the bottom of the inclined trough.

Other laborers pick out the larger stones from the rubble, while a man stationed at the bottom of the trough pushes up the accumulated mud from which the lead is not yet quite separated, so that it may pass through a second or third course of washing. The leaden ore is then carried in buckets to special cleansing houses and there thoroughly washed once more.

The furnace looks like a good sized wine cask set on end, but at a slight angle, and each one is provided with an iron pan for a base.

This iron pan, together with a number of cooper's hoops twined round the baked mud, serves as a stiffening and helps to keep the furnace from collapsing. The lead ore is thrown, together with the charcoal which melts it, in one mass into this barrellike furnace, when the molten metal soon passes through the charcoal and escapes (through a vent in the side of the lower portion of the barrel furnace) into a small pit dug into the ground below.

The fire is kept active by a primitive, but very effective bellows, consisting of a hollowed tree fitted with a wooden piston, and connected with the furnace by a short bamboo tube inserted into its side. The whole apparatus costs only (at present rates of exchange) about $12.50.

A workman rakes the slag out of the pit, and if the market price of tin is sufficiently high to make it pay to do so this slag is passed a second time through the furnace. The pure molten tin, freed from the slag as it simmers in the pit, looks like so much quicksilver. The "pigs" are like so many large bricks with one side rounded and the other flat, the flat side having a broad rim or border.

The explanation of this is that blocks of wood of precisely this shape are pressed into the sand or mud which forms the natural floor of the smelting houses. When these wooden molds are removed, of course corresponding holes remain, and into these holes the molten lead is ladled from the pit. It takes a whole day to cool sufficiently to get firm. When it has well set, it is lifted or dragged out of the holes with long rakes and dashed with water. After a little more cooling it is ready for shipment.

At Perak in 1888 and at Maliwun in 1893 I found that four or five Chinamen could turn out seven hundredweight of tin pigs a day, worth in 1893 about $140 in all.—E. H. Parker in Chambers' Journal.

A Moderate Ambition.

A prosperous florist in New Orleans used to tell to his friends the following incident of personal experience, which may contain a suggestion for other American fathers and sons:

"My father," he said, "was a shrewd Swiss, a mechanic. He died when my brother and I were lads. Finding that his health was such as to give promise only of a few months of life, he said to us one evening: 'I have but little money to give you, only enough to educate you and start you in business in a humble way. Let me advise you to become florists or vegetable or bee growers for this reason: I foresee that there will be great competition in most kinds of business in this country, and because of this competition men working for wages will be forced to accept low returns for their work. In the occupations I have mentioned you will not need to employ many men, and you need not necessarily be employed by any one. You can, if you are wise and not eager to get rich, be comparatively free and unshackled.

"'Another reason is that if you do your work mainly yourselves there are few temptations in these employments. You are not likely to squabble with pears or strawberries or potatoes, and if your principal companions and friends are bees and roses they will not tempt you to drink or to gamble.'

"I have never regretted," said the man, "that I followed his counsel and chose a quiet, obscure career in which there are small profits and a reasonable degree of independence."—Youth's Companion.

Names of Warships.

Some of the many Greek and Latin names for British warships have been subjected by sailors to a "sea change" which made them more modern though less poetic. Bellerophon and Belisarius were good enough for officers and landsmen, but the men before the mast preferred "Billy Ruffin" and "Bully Sawyers." Our own sailors have shown considerable activity in the same line, especially as to names of Indian origin. Admiral Porter, writing on this subject soon after the civil war, said Agamenticus had been quickly turned into "Aggy meant to cuss."

The admiral was inclined to think our Indian names more objectionable than those in the classic style, but such titles have at least the advantage of being altogether national, for they are the only strictly American names that could be found. Indeed they are more suitable than the classic names in every way, for it seems more reasonable to think of a great mass of wood and metal in connection with a mountain like Katahdin or Tacoma than with imaginary nymphs and swains of whom Ovid told pretty stories about 2,000 years ago.—Lippincott's.

Quick Wit Saves From Failure.

The faculty of keeping one's head in an emergency is not too common. A young Philadelphia elocutionist has it to perfection, and it neatly saved her from an embarrassing situation. She was reciting professionally, and her work had called forth wild applause. She was warm and tired, however, and when just a few lines into an encore number, she knew that at a certain place her memory would fail her, and that she would stumble and fall. Her wits answered quickly. Before coming to the breaking point, she suddenly stopped and addressed her auditors. "I see by your faces that many of you have heard this piece before. I do not like to repeat, so, with your permission, I will try another number." Some magnanimous persons answered, "No, no. Go head." But the young lady was obdurate, and the people of Philadelphia now consider her the queen of all elocutionists.—Philadelphia Record.

WELSH POETRY.

Some Specimens of the Ballads Written by Dafydd ap Gwilym.

A glimpse of one form of Welsh verse, Triban, may be found in a translation of some stanzas from Mr. Rhys' book of "Welsh Ballads." These stanzas are from "The Song of the Graves," written by Dafydd ap Gwilym:

In graves where drips the winter rain
Lie those that loved me most of men—
Gwyneth, Gwenwed, Gow, Iocelain.

In graves where the grass grows rank and tall
Lie, well-nigh gone, they did fall—
Gwenan, Morfan, Morfal.

In graves where drips the rain the dead
Lie that not lightly bowed the head—
Gwenon, Gwen and Gwried.

Seithenin's lost mind sleeps by the shore
Twixt Curan and the gray sea's roar,
Where Cuer Cenedir starts up before.

In Afarwch lies Rhyther' Hael,
Beneath the earth of Llan Morvael,
But Owain ab Urien in leather soil.

Mid the dreary moor by the one oak tree,
The grave of stately Siawn may be—
Stately, treacherous and bitter was he.

Mid the salt sea marsh where the tides have been
Lie the sweet maid Sanaw, the warrior Rhyn
And Henwn's daughter, the pale Earwyn.

And this may the grave of Gwythur be.
But who the world's great mystery,
The grave of Arthur, shall ever see?

The translation lacks, however, the chief feature of the original composition, for it was written by Dafydd ap Gwilym in fettered verse, called in the vernacular "cynghanedd," an ingenious form of consonancy peculiar to the four and twenty meters of Welsh prosody—a feature that the translator found unconvertible even if he understands the secret of such intricate metrical construction. Dafydd ap Gwilym's best productions were his couplets—cywyddau—and his lyrics and love songs, which are standards of excellence in Welsh poetry to this day.—New York Tribune.

GOLD AND CRIMSON TROUT.

A Unique Variety That Has a Secluded Abode In a Creek In Kansas.

"There are trout in Whitney creek, a tributary of Kern river, in Kansas," said a veteran New York angler, "the like of which don't exist in any other water on the face of the globe. These trout have their abode in the upper waters of the creek, and it is not invaded by any other breeds of trout that swarm in the waters below simply because they cannot get at it. About six miles from the head of Whitney creek there is a waterfall 150 feet high. The rock down the face of which the water tumbles is solid and smooth from base to summit. There are no protruding ledges nor any hollows by means of which the other trout, with leap after leap from ledge to ledge and hollow to hollow, could scale this precipice, as they do at thousands of high waterfalls elsewhere. Consequently the trout above the falls have never been disturbed by interlopers of a different variety, and they live by themselves in the pure, cold water, a most splendid family of fresh water fish.

"These trout are literally bespangled with burnished gold and dashed with spots of the brightest crimson. The first time I ever saw one of these trout I actually thought it had been decorated with flakes of gold leaf by its possessor and that its red spots had been heightened in color with the brush. But this is their natural ornamentation, and when they are taken from the water and the sunlight strikes them they glitter and sparkle like a harlequin. They are called the golden trout. Their habits are the same as those of the ordinary brook trout, with all its gamy qualities. Their flesh has the same flavor. Their splendid beauty is what places them at the head of this great piscatorial family, famous for its beauty. How this rare variety of trout came to be alone in those upper waters of Whitney creek is one of nature's mysteries."—New York Sun.

Some Theatrical Jokes.

In a performance of "The Lady of the Lake" the actor who took the part of Roderick Dhu was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line, "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitzjames responded, "Yes, and your rent's due too." On the production of a piece called "The Spy" the early acts showed that it was going to prove a failure. So when at a certain point a character had to rush on and shout "Five hundred pounds for the spy!" the author-actor, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried, "It's yours—copyright, manuscript and parts!" That was the end of the performance.

When eating takes place on the stage, the temptations to play tricks with the food are naturally great. In "Henry V" the leek which that inimitable braggart Pistol has to eat is usually made from an apple. But on one occasion at Sadler's Wells the Fluellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had no choice but to struggle through it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.—Cornhill Magazine.

The No Grog Law.

In July, 1862, congress revolutionized the American navy by passing the historic law providing:

"That from and after the 1st day of September, 1862, the spirit ration in the navy of the United States shall forever cease, and thereafter no distilled spirituous liquors shall be admitted on board of vessels of war except as medical stores and upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels and to be used only for medical purposes.

"From and after the 1st day of September next there shall be allowed and paid to each person in the navy now entitled to the spirit ration 5 cents per day in commutation and lieu thereof, which shall be in addition to the present pay."

And since that day there has been no "grog" in the United States navy.—San Francisco Call.

While His Hand Was In.

"Will Bessie," sharply asked the third wife of the struggling author, putting her head inside the door of the little room he called his study, "have you finished composing that sonnet you have been working at all morning?"

"Just got it done," he replied.

"Then I wish you won't come out here and see if you can compose the baby to sleep. I can't."—Chicago Tribune.

Reports show a greatly increased death rate from throat and lung troubles, due to the prevalence of croup, pneumonia and grippe. We advise the use of One Minute Cough Cure in all of these difficulties. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Children like it. Philbrick's pharmacy.

A CURIOUS CANDLESTICK.

Novel Use That Was Made of an Open Barrel of Gunpowder.

Historical students, when called upon to explain old terms of events, especially those that seem in themselves unlikely, find one recorded to have happened in the lives of persons whose careers are separated by a long period of time, when the said events have a very striking similarity between them, as the prototype and the latter the result of the former. Sometimes this may be the correct view to take, but it is commonly a dangerous proceeding to insist upon. An example has occurred to me recently which illustrates this.

At East Burrawick, a village on the banks of the Trent, some eight miles northwest of this place, there lived in the middle of the century a shopkeeper named Marshall. He was a general dealer, supplying nearly all the wants of his neighbors. Above this man's shop and adjoining outhouses was a long chamber, open to the roof, in which he kept such stores as he had not room for in his somewhat small shop. Among other things this room contained a mangle, which was at the service of such of the women of the town as made him a small payment.

One winter evening several women were engaged in mangling when one of them knocked down their solitary candlestick and, being probably of earthenware, it was broken. Work for the night was nearly over. It did not seem worth while to fetch another, so one of the women took the still burning candle—happily it was not a very short one—and stuck it into some black, dusty looking stuff which she had noticed in a barrel standing near. Soon, however, one of these good dames had occasion to descend into the shop, and, encountering Marshall there, naturally began to apologize for the candlestick having suffered.

We may conceive what was the shopkeeper's horror when he heard what was the substitute that had been found, for he knew at once that the candle was standing in a cask of gunpowder. He rushed up stairs and was just in time. He made "a cup with his two hands," as he said, "so that no sparks could get to the powder," and drew the candle calmly out without uttering a sound. His words afterward when all danger was over were, I have been told, of a kind not uncommonly heard on board of keels and coal barges on our rivers, but such as are discouraged elsewhere.

Marshall told me of this very soon after it occurred. The date I am unable to fix, but am sure that it was before the year 1851. In the year 1861 "The Depositions From the Castle of York * * * In the Seventeenth Century" were published by the Surtees society. In a note in this work by its editor, the late Canon Raine, the following passage occurs. The parallelism between the two narratives as to the way the candle was removed from danger is very striking:

"Newcastle had a very narrow escape about 1684. An apprentice going up with a candle into a loft which contained many barrels of gunpowder and much combustible material thoughtlessly stuck the candle into a barrel, of which the head had been knocked off, to serve for a candlestick. He saw the danger and fled. A laborer ran into the loft, and, joining both his hands together, drew the candle softly up between his middlemost fingers, so that if any snuff had dropped it must have fallen into the hollow of the man's hand."—Notes and Queries.

A Paddle and a Horse.

"I have owned and used many horses," said a horseman, "among which were several balky ones. I once owned a team, the best one I ever had, that at times were stubborn and ugly and would not work. One morning when we were going out in the field with a heavy load we came to a steep pitch in the road. The nigh horse, as usual, flared up, and then the other. We tried to start them by coaxing and by using the lash, but it was no use. They refused to move. At last I became infuriated and would have killed the horses with a good will, but it was of no avail. I left the team standing there that morning, went back to the house and decided to leave them there, when a thought struck me that proved successful.

"I took a wide board, and, making it into the shape of a paddle, proceeded to the field. Once more we tried the horses, but it was no use. They were determined not to move. Taking the weapon which I had made I struck first one horse, then the other, a few blows, and to my great surprise they started at a rapid rate. After that I always kept the paddle shaped weapon in my wagon and when they refused duty I merely had to show it to them. I have tried this same rule on many other horses, and I never knew it to fail."

"What is your theory? It certainly cannot be the hardness of the blow?"

"My theory is that the animals are started from fright, caused by the jar of the board."—Lewiston Journal.

Methods of Dusting.

"Man's dusting implement is a feather duster," said Mr. Glimmerton; "woman's is a dust cloth. There can be no doubt which is the better, but each clings to his own. But I think I see signs of a change. I saw a boy walk out of a store up town this morning and walk across the sidewalk to the curb and stand there and shake a dust cloth, just as a woman would shake one out of the window. I don't know where the boy got this notion, whether he made the discovery himself that, except under favorable conditions, with doors and windows open at both ends and wind blowing through, stirring up dust with a duster only serves to redistribute it, or whether there is a woman in this store who insists on dust cloths and has taught the boy the use of them.

"Maybe as the boy grows up and becomes confirmed in this way he will teach the use of the dust cloth to others and to his children, and they will teach it to their children, and so it may finally come about in this simple manner that all men will come to use it and that the feather duster will go."—New York Sun.

An Italian Bull.

"We also in Italy," says a correspondent of the London Spectator, "produce a fine breed of bulls. Here is an example: My servant was sent the other day to bespeak an early cab for the next morning and to insist on punctuality. He came back well satisfied with himself. 'I told Angelo,' he said, 'to be at the house punctually at a quarter before 7, and if he was not punctual he must be there at half past 6.'"

A Fancy Worker.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."—London Tit-Bits.

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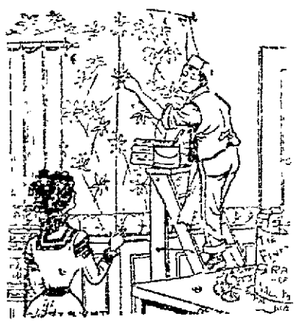

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THE HERALD.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS

Lent begins Feb 2 th.

Valentines are beginning to appear.

There is fun ahead in certain sections.

There was no police court this forenoon.

Church goers were out in full force on Sunday.

The sleighing cannot be called perfect by any means.

That hedge hog must have cast a good sized shadow on Saturday,

WANTED—General housework girl. Apply at 50 Highland street.

A gang of professional thieves will be unearthed in this city before long.

Only a few weeks to municipal election. Everything points to a quiet election.

The members of the committee on public improvements had a delightful time here.

The Christ church bell tolled an half hour on Saturday out of respect for Queen Victoria.

The York grange will hold a cobweb supper and social in Brixham hall next Tuesday evening.

A party of eight young ladies from Dover enjoyed a sleigh ride to this city Saturday evening.

The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, this year, is to be held in Littleton.

Political combinations are rumored, but up to date politics has been talked but little about town.

The sleighing is not good enough to tempt the owners of teams to come out with runners generally.

Sunday was a beautiful winter day and crowds accepted the opportunity for a stroll in the open air.

Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin company is one of the most expensive theatrical enterprises on the road.

The patron saint of February 14 h will have very handsome tributes to offer this year to his devotees.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. A cut? Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At your druggists.

The flag on the city building was half mast on Saturday in respect to the funeral of the late Queen Victoria.

"Way Down East" will soon made its appearance at Music hall, and many theatre goers will welcome it back.

The assessed valuation of the Boston & Maine railroad company's property in Boston this year is over $11,000,000

And the P. A. C. boys are wondering if that party of Dover girls carried those door plates home with them for souvenirs.

The coming masquerade of the Red Men is the first, and very likely the only big masked ball to be held this season.

The literature branch of the Graffort club meets this Monday afternoon to consider "Idylls of the King," by Tennyson.

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to the absence of natural digestive fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

Judging from our exchanges every town of any importance in the state will be represented at the governor's ball next Wednesday.

At the communion service at the Methodist church on Sunday morning eleven members were received into the church on probation.

There is considerable interest among club men over the coming De Oro-Stubbs pool exhibition Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body; Doan's Ointment. At any drug store 50 cents.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the Middle street Baptist church will meet next Wednesday afternoon and evening in the chapel.

Coughs and colds, down to the very borderland of consumption, yield to the soothing, healing influences of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

The hearing on the electric road accident that occurred at the corner of Market and Deer street last week, comes off in Boston today.

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

The governor's staff is ordered to report at the state house Wednesday at eleven o'clock, when they will be photographed with Gov. Jordan by Kimball.

Senator Chandler has introduced a bill to prohibit corporations chartered or controlled by the United States from making contributions for campaign purposes.

A temperance meeting was held in Good Templars' hall on Sunday afternoon. The meeting was addressed by Rev. I. N. Bradford of Hampton and Rev. George Leighton of this city.

Sunday was another good Sunday for the liveryman.

The weather Sunday was of the kind described by the "oldest inhabitant" as the sort to "freeze a man and thaw ee."

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. have a meeting on Wednesday afternoon, at the Association's parlor at the Y. M. C. A building on Congress street. Business of importance will be considered.

Sheriff Pearson has also declared war on "Portsmouth hop," a brewery production which is designed to evade the prohibitory law. It is claimed to be non intoxicating, but the sheriff thinks otherwise. There is a lot of the stuff being sold in Biddeford.—Biddeford Record.

Special sale at the Globe Grocery Co. today of thirteen pounds rolled oats for twenty-five cents. Kennedy ginger snaps, three pounds for eighteen cents Also the finest Gilt Edge creamery butter, made fresh every other day.

Another evidence that the neighboring state of New Hampshire is sadly behind the times, in some respects, is the fact that it is still possible to imprison women for debt in that state. dowevever, New Hampshire is still a delightful summer resort.—Newburyport News.

LOST—On Middle or State street about noon on Monday, a ladies' pocket book containing a sum of money and postage stamps. A suitable reward will be paid by leaving same at Mrs. E. J. Sinclair's, corner Middle street and Richards avenue.

The present city administration has been peculiarly fortunate in the matter of snow storms. Not since Mayor McIntire took his seat has there been a fall of snow worthy of the name. It makes quite a difference in the expenditures of the street department.

Prices for Uncle Tom's Cabin: 25, 35 and 50 cents.

OBITUARY.

John O. Drake.

John O. Drake, a prominent and well known citizen of Rye, died at his home in that town, on Sunday, aged forty nine years. He leaves a mother, a wife, three daughters, besides several brothers and sisters. The funeral service will be held from the Congregational church, Rye, Tuesday, at two o'clock.

Mrs. Josephine W. Hobbs of North Hampton, widow of John S. Hobbs died Feb. 3, aged 81 years. Funeral Thursday.

OBSEQUIES.

The body of Mrs. Emma Hall Pond arrived in the city on the forenoon train from Boston and the burial was in the family lot in Sagamore cemetery by Mr O. W. Ham, the committal service being said by the Rev. George E. Leighton of the Universalist church.

The funeral of Robert W. Edmunds was held at the Advent Christian church at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Owing to the illness of the pastor, the service for the dead was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brown of the Eliot church. The body was placed in the receiving tomb in Harmony Grove cemetery by Mr. O. W. Ham.

The funeral of David Flynn, the well known baker, was held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception this morning, the Rev. Fr. Joseph Croeden officiating. Interment was in St. Mary's cemetery. There were many relatives and friends present at the services and many floral tributes were displayed.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary J. Manson, wife of Charles A. Manson of Kittery Point, was held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in this city Sunday afternoon, Rev. Fr. Joseph Croeden officiating. Interment was in Calvary cemetery.

The body of Mrs. Virginia Waldron Spence, who died in Baltimore, aged 78 years, arrived here today for interment in the family lot in Proprietor's cemetery. The committal was read by the Rev. Henry E. Hovey and interment was by Mr. O. W. Ham.

ACCEPTS A STRATHAM PASTORATE.

Rev. George E. Lake, late of Patten, Me., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Stratham as successor to Rev. Daniel Green. Mr. Lake was born in Hampstead, graduated from Dartmouth in 1896, and pursued his theological studies at Bangor seminary.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Afternoon whist will be held at the Woman's Exchange, Monday, Feb. 4th, commencing at half past three. All are welcome.

NOTICE.

The business of the late Frank E. Rowell, of Kittery, has been placed in competent hands and will be conducted to the safe interests of all concerned.

MRS. FRANK E. ROWELL.

PROSECUTED BY HODGKINS.

An Alleged Cruelty Case at Hopkinton Attracting Lots of Attention.

A case of interest to Portsmouth people was held, partially, Saturday, in Hopkinton. The respondent, Samuel I. Dow, was allowed time in which to secure counsel, for he is being held on a charge alleging cruelty to animals The complaint was issued at the instigation of Robert E Hodgkins, a member of the society with the long name, with headquarters in this city. The arrest was made by George A. S. Kimball, ex deputy sheriff of Merrimack county and at the present time a policeman.

The case was opened Saturday forenoon in Hopkinton and it was offered in evidence that the respondent was not providing for his live stock proper shelter nor food. He has six cows and three horses. Outside of the neglect charge there is another, which pertains to abuse of these same cows and horses.

The respondent denied the charge and asked the court to grant to him a few hours in which to secure the services of a lawyer. A postponement was granted until Tuesday.

Mr. Dow was arrested and tried some few years ago on a similar charge and at that time he was fined and ordered to pay costs of prosecution.

COMING NAVAL CHANGES.

It is rumored among the officers of the Charlestown navy yard that several of the ranking naval officers in the service are to change berths next spring Rear Admiral Norman H Farquhar, it is said, will be relieved of the command of the North Atlantic squadron and go to the lighthouse board as chairman. His relief will be Rear Admiral Francis John Higginson, the present chairman of the lighthouse board. It is known that Admiral Farquhar desires to be relieved of his present command, and this change will probably be made at his own request when the ships of his fleet come north from their winter cruise.

To succeed Rear Admiral Winfield S Schley, commanding the South Atlantic quadron, who will be ordered home in spring, it is expected Rear Admiral John J Read will be appointed.

Another change, which it is reported is to take place, is the relief of Rear Admiral George C Remey as commander of the Asiatic squadron. Rear Admiral Frederick Rogers, who is to sail from the Brooklyn navy yard about the first of March, will be his relief. Admiral Rogers is to go to his new station on the armored cruiser New York, and as the ship will make the trip by an indirect route, will probably not reach his destination for six months. Soon after Admiral Rogers assumes the duties of commander-in chief of the Asiatic station it is thought the other rear admiral will be relieved.

BASKET BALL NOTES.

The Wattawamats are the best uniformed team in town.

An all Portsmouth five could be picked from the league teams that would make it interesting for anything in the state.

The league games on Wednesday evening ought to be the most interesting of the series thus far. The clubs scheduled to play are the Delaroon vs. Warner club and Maplewoods vs. Co. B. These four clubs are very evenly matched and will no doubt put up fast and even games.

N. H. I. A. A.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Interscholastic Athletic association was held Saturday at the Concord Y. M. C. A. rooms. Three schools, Kimball Union academy, Portsmouth and Claremont High schools, were admitted, making ten now in the association. The meet will be held at Concord on May 31. Officers were elected as follows:

President, H. J. Braley of Newport, vice president, Brackett Hazen, Manchester; secretary and treasurer, Arthur G. Adams, Concord. The following executive committee was chosen: H. J Braley, chairman; A. G Adams, secretary; J. Gage, Manchester, A. F. Mulvanity, Nashua, E. S. Goodwin, Colby academy; A. T. Melvin, Pinkerton academy; T. S. Sargent, Kimball Union academy, L. P. Farwell, Claremont, A C. Clarke, New Hampton, F. F. Newick, Portsmouth.

POLICE NEWS.

There were six drunks and six lodgers at the station house on Saturday night and only three lodgers on Sunday evening. All the Saturday evening arrests were permitted to go on Sunday morning.

Captain Marden was at his old position behind the desk at the station Sunday evening and received a cordial welcome from the force.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. twenty five cents a bottle.

MONEY TO LOAN

GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.

Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter

THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC

Governor as attached to the Riser of Consumer's Side of Gas Meter.

GAS SAVING GOVERNOR

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STEADIER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects.

No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

Reliable and Durable,

And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments,

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from

25 TO 50 PER CENT

monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from

$15.00 TO $400,

according to size of meter and number of lights.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR

Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from **30 to 60 per cent** on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. **Price, 25 cents each. $2.50 per dozen.** Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'F'G CO.

126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

PERSONALS.

Miss Emma Hartford passed Sunday in Eliot.

Hon. Frank Jones went to Laconia on Saturday.

Parker W. Whittemore was in Laconia on Saturday.

Edward Pickering went to Boston Sunday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Diamond of Cass street is visiting friends in Boston.

Sherman T. Newton is able to be out after a siege with the grippe.

Captain William E. Rand spent Sunday with his family in Kittery.

Fred Colbeth, conductor on the electric road, has gone to St. Louis.

Mrs. F. W. Hartford and children were guests in Laconia over Sunday.

Guy E. Corey of Trenton, N. J., is passing a few days at his home in this city.

W. I. Haywood of New Castle has been restricted to his residence by illness.

Musician Edwards of the Naval band has been visiting in Boston the past few days.

Commander W. B. Everett, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Boston navy yard.

Miss Lou Hunter of Lynn spent Sunday in this city as the guest of relatives.

Eugene S. Hoyt, driver of the Chemical is confined to his home with the grippe.

A Clinton Smith of Boston, formerly of this city, was a visitor in town over Sunday.

W. A. Peirce and wife have returned from a visit to their son in Hanover, this state.

Messrs. Perry E. Conner, Howard Hanscom and Frank Tilton were in Boston, Sunday.

John C. Batchelder of Middle street passed Sunday in Northampton, Mass, the guest of his sister.

John F. Hoyt of Newington is one of the nominees for class day poet at Phillips Exeter academy.

N. O. Foust went to Washington Saturday where he will enter the secretary's office as stenographer.

Mrs. Thomas Whiteside, who has been quite ill at her home on Court street, is decidedly improved.

Mrs. Hiram C. Locke has recovered from a six weeks' illness, much to the gratification of her hosts of friends.

Captain C. W. Tracey, U. S. N, retired, may be restored to active duty. A bill has been introduced to that effect.

Messrs. Fred Lydston and Harry Prior leave on Wednesday of this week for a month's tour to the island of Jamaica.

Frank Newick of Portsmouth High has been chosen one of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Interscholastic Athletic association.

Horace G. Pender of this city acted as toastmaster at the third annual "round-up" of the class of '97, Dartmouth, Saturday evening at the Quincy house, Boston.

A delegation of navy yard employe met at the depot on Saturday evening to bid farewell to their fellow clerk, Noah O. Foust, who left for Washington on the Flying Yankee.

Superintendent of School's H. C. Morrison led the discussion on "pupil government" at the winter meeting of the Merrimac Valley Teachers' association held in Nashua on Saturday.

Mr. Wilbur B Shaw is restricted to his home on Fleet street by an attack of the grip.

Miss Maude Simpson of York is passing a few weeks as the guest of Miss Annie Stephenson of Greenville, this state.

Rev. W. J. Atkinson of Nashua, who has been making a visit in this city, returned home Saturday, and on Sunday occupied his own pulpit in the Hudson Methodist church in that city

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The boilers for the Raleigh are due to arrive the coming week.

The spar makers will have quite a job on the Reina Mercedes.

There are at present two hundred and thirty men employed on the new dry dock.

The Naval band will be stationed on the Reina Mercedes when she is completed.

Draughtsman Hills of the yards and docks, passed Sunday at his home in Newton.

Two orderlies are now on duty at the commandant's office, Sergeant Jansen and Private Donnelly.

All the representatives and other visitors carried a souvenir of the Spanish cruiser home with them.

Civil Engineer Gregory is shortly to go on leave. During his absence Captain Harrington will assume the duties of civil engineer.

The Reina Mercedes is a hive of industry these days and is furnishing employment to many a man who badly needed money.

Thirty per cent. of all the stone for the new dock will be cut by the stone cutters now employed here. The balance will be cut at the quarries.

POLICE COURT.

In police court Saturday afternoon George McFarlin was arraigned for being drunk. He paid a fine of $3 and costs of $5.86.

HOLE IN THE LUNGS

There are thousands of men and women, as well as ever, with holes in their lungs: consumption stopped.

Consumption stopped is consumption cured. What does it?

Some change in the way of life and Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

With the emulsion, give some attention to circumstances: change from a dark damp close room to a sunny dry airy one; from city to country; from hard to an easy life; indoors to out.

A hole in the lungs once healed is no worse than a too-tight waist or waistcoat.

Take the emulsion, and give it a chance to heal the wound.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

NOW

Is the time to inspect the samples of

FALL and WINTER CLOTHING

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from $15.00 up and pants from $4.00 up.

CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR,

5 Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

PILES Williams Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It also cures Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. At druggists.

For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

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